A LOAF OF WINE, A JUG OF BREAD, AND...
#29
P. BAGGE'S
HATE!
FOR MATURE READERS
$3.95 in CANADA
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ZZZZZ...
...TWO OUT IN THE BOTTOM OF THE FIFTH...
BON BONS
CHIPS
P. BAGGE '97
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

FRICTION + HEAT = MATADOR 4TH QARTER '97

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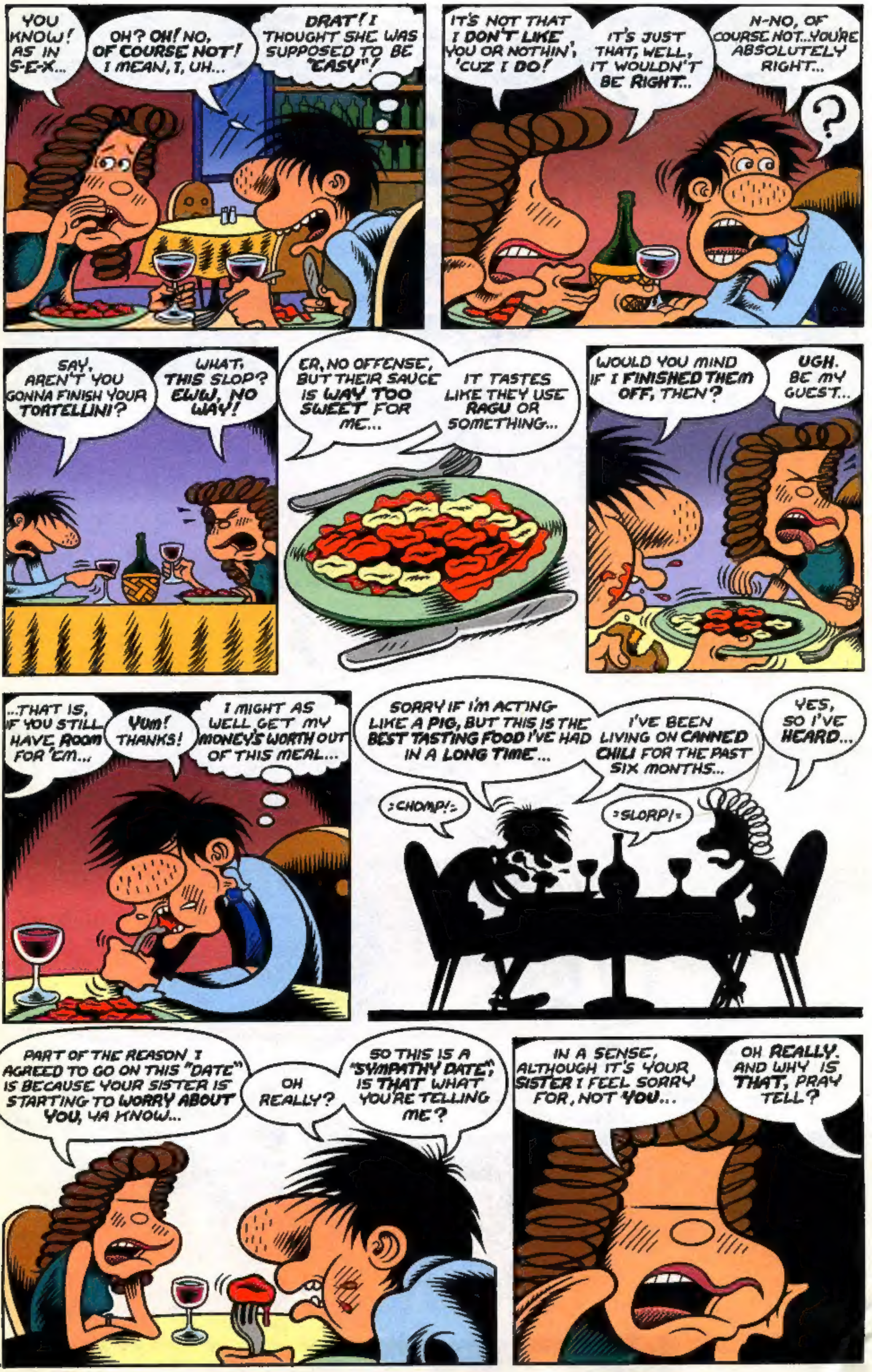
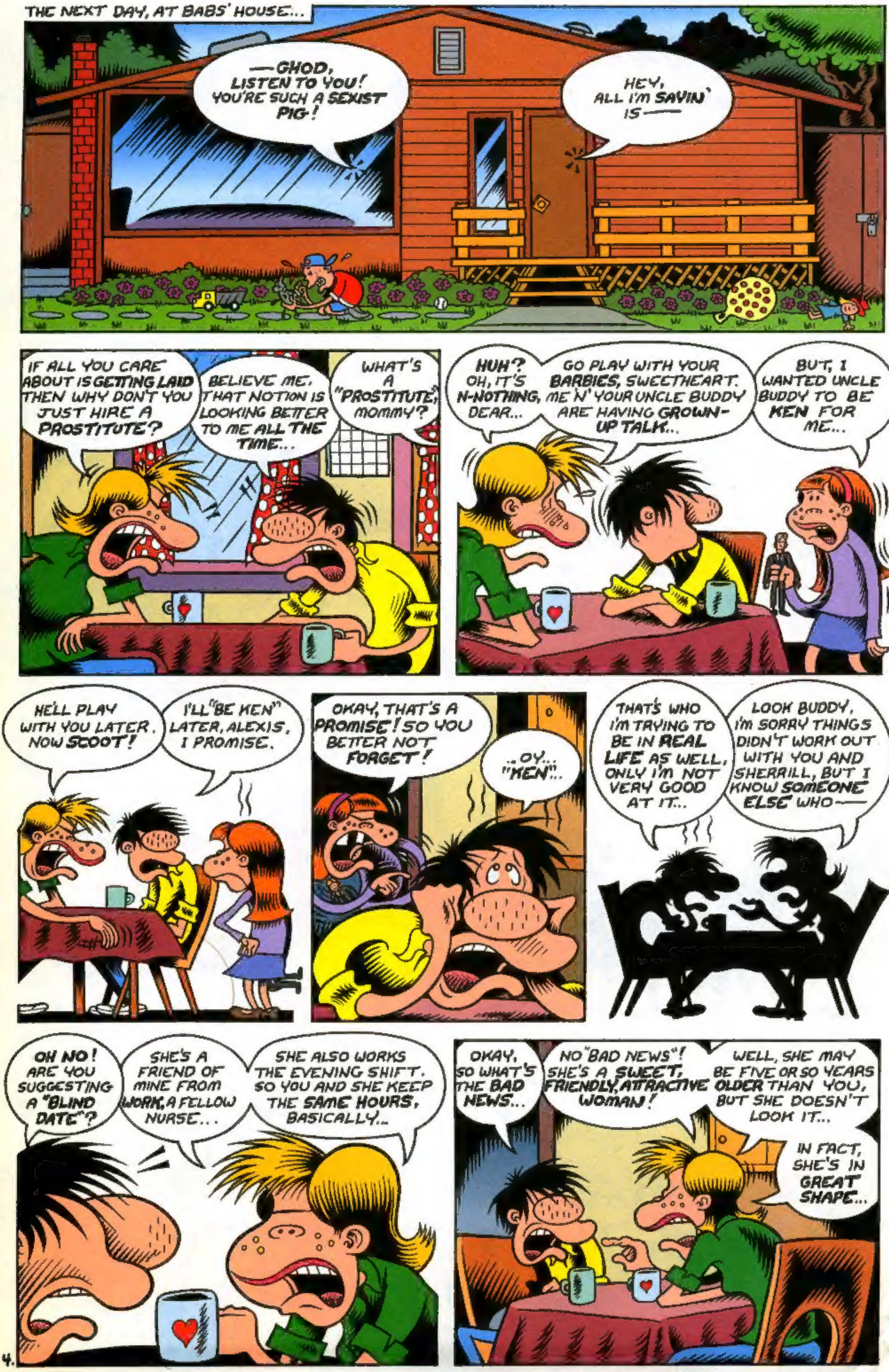
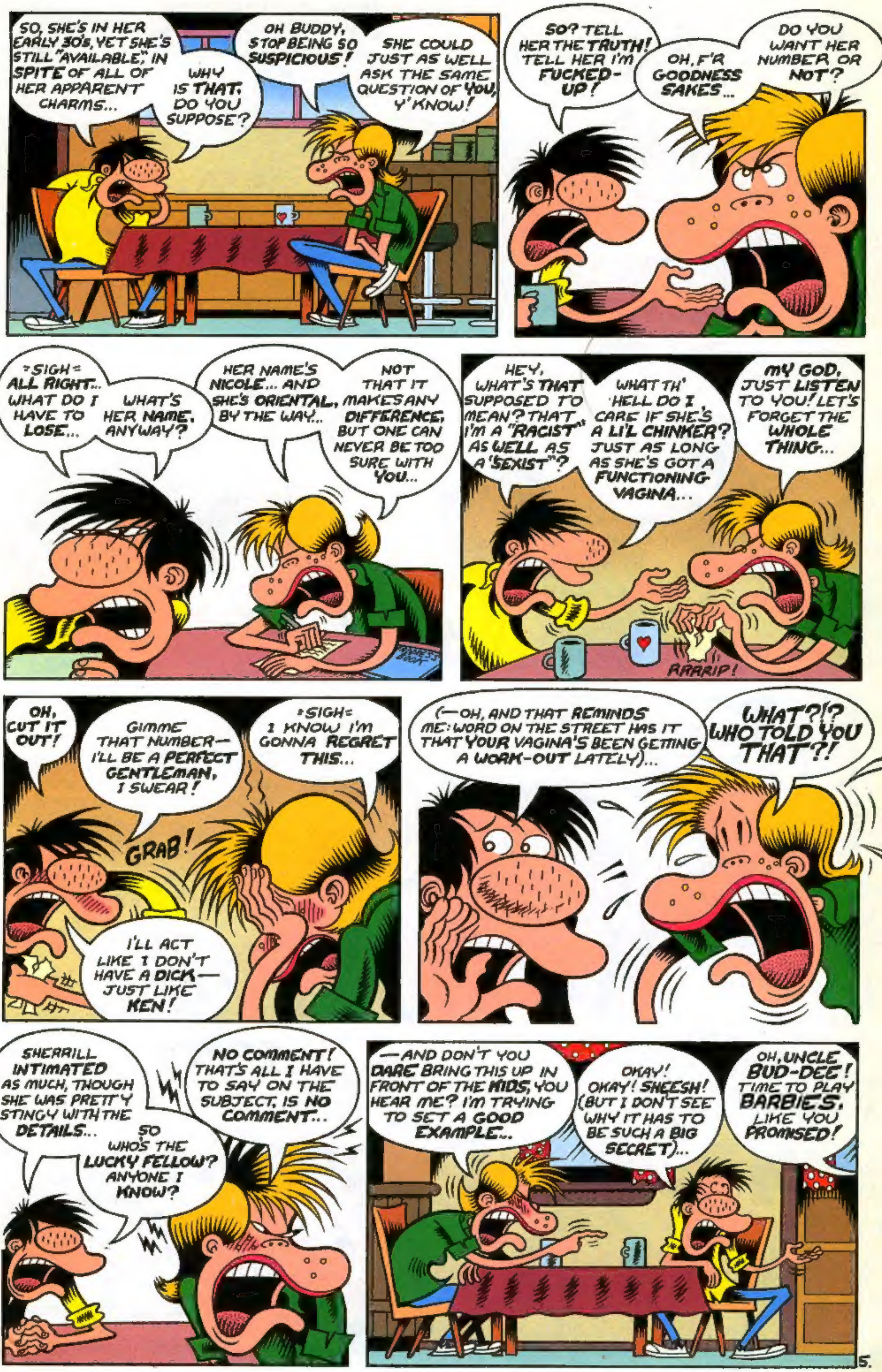
BUDDY BRADLEY in
"THE SINGLE LIFE"
©1997 BY PETER BAGGE
DRAWN BY P. BAGGE AND JIM BLANCHARD
EXIT
THIS WAS REAL NICE OF YA, BUDDY, TAKING ME OUT TO A FANCY RESTAURANT 'N' ALL...
DON'T MENTION IT, SHERRILL...
IN FACT, IT'S BEEN MY PLEASURE...
AFTER ALL, IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE WE'VE HAD A CHANCE LIKE THIS TO TALK AND CATCH UP ON THINGS...
YES, IT'S ALWAYS GREAT FUN TO SIT AROUND AND DISH THE DIRT ON ALL OF OUR MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCES, ISN'T IT?
...I, UH, JUST HOPE THAT YOU'RE NOT, YOU KNOW, EXPECTING ANYTHING OUT OF THIS...
—HMPF? I BEG YOUR PARDON?



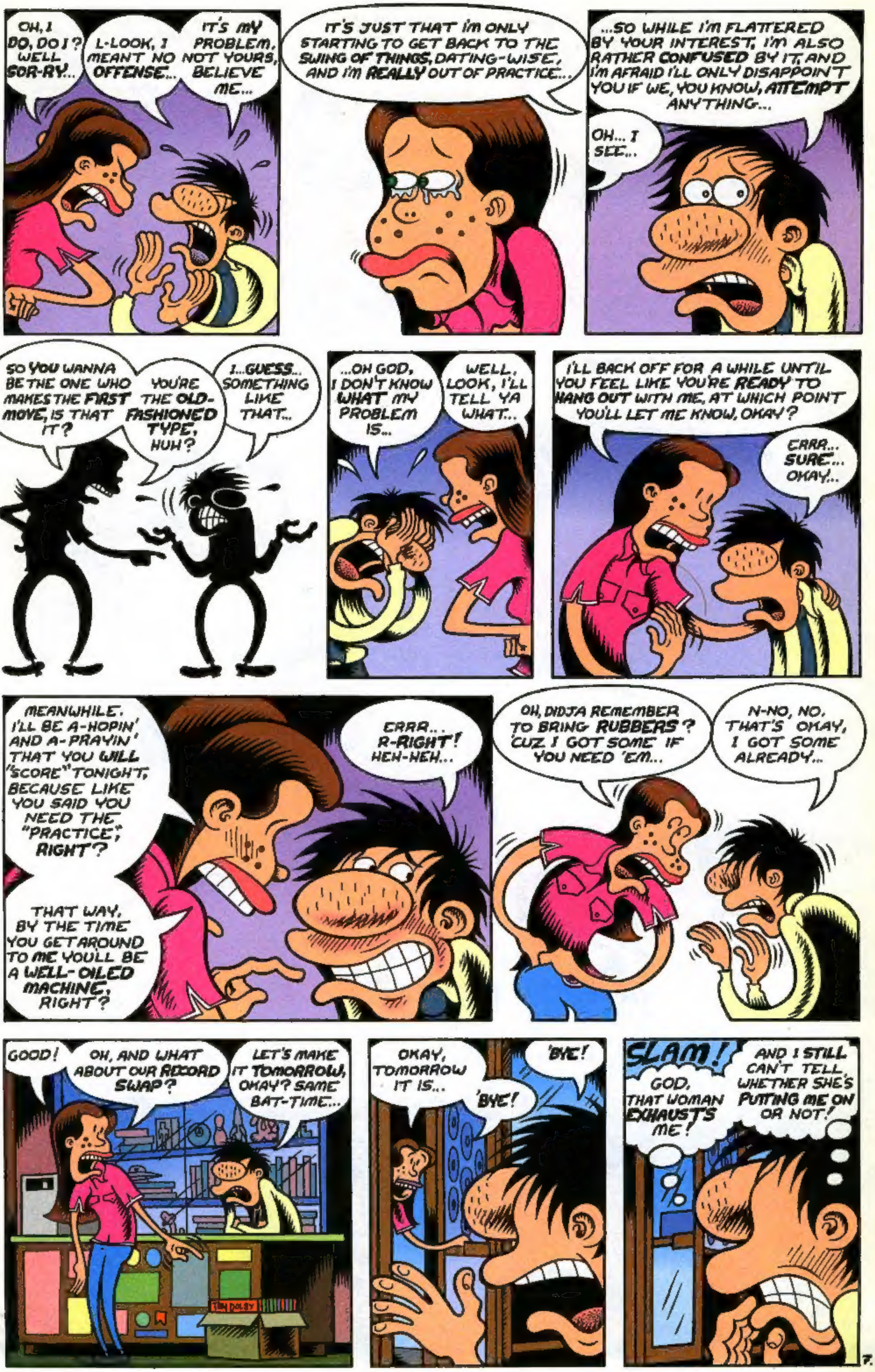
YOU KNOW! AS IN S-E-X...
OH? OH! NO, OF COURSE NOT! I MEAN, I, UH...
DRAT! I THOUGHT SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE "EASY"!
IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T LIKE YOU OR NOTHIN', 'CUZ I DO!
IT'S JUST THAT, WELL, IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT...
N-NO, OF COURSE NOT...YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT...
?
SAY, AREN'T YOU GONNA FINISH YOUR TORTELLINI?
WHAT, THIS SLOP? EWW, NO WAY!
ER, NO OFFENSE, BUT THEIR SAUCE IS WAY TOO SWEET FOR ME...
IT TASTES LIKE THEY USE RAGU OR SOMETHING...
WOULD YOU MIND IF I FINISHED THEM OFF, THEN?
UGH. BE MY GUEST...
...THAT IS, IF YOU STILL HAVE ROOM FOR 'EM...
YUM! THANKS!
I MIGHT AS WELL GET MY MONEY'S WORTH OUT OF THIS MEAL...
SORRY IF I'M ACTING LIKE A PIG, BUT THIS IS THE BEST TASTING FOOD I'VE HAD IN A LONG TIME...
I'VE BEEN LIVING ON CANNED CHILI FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS...
YES, SO I'VE HEARD...
:CHOMP!:
:SLORP!:
PART OF THE REASON I AGREED TO GO ON THIS "DATE" IS BECAUSE YOUR SISTER IS STARTING TO WORRY ABOUT YOU, YA KNOW...
OH REALLY?
SO THIS IS A "SYMPATHY DATE", IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME?
IN A SENSE, ALTHOUGH IT'S YOUR SISTER I FEEL SORRY FOR, NOT YOU...
OH REALLY. AND WHY IS THAT, PRAY TELL?

BECAUSE, SHE'S THE ONE WHO'S BEEN WATCHING YOU SLOWLY DETERIORATE INTO A LONELY, WRETCHED HERMIT...
PLUS SHE HAS TO LISTEN TO YOU BITCH ABOUT YOUR LONELY, WRETCHED CONDITION, WHILE YOU DO NOTHING ABOUT IT...
AW, GEE, POOR BABS. SHE'S GOT IT ROUGH, ALL RIGHT...
BUT INSTEAD OF WORRYING ABOUT ME, SHE OUGHT TO BE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT HER OWN SORRY EXISTENCE...
I SHUDDER TO THINK HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE SHE'S GOTTEN LAID...
OH, BABS HAS HER FUN, DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT THAT...
?!? SHE "HAS HER FUN"? WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
—OOPS! ERRA... NO COMMENT...
"NO COMMENT," HUH? AND WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
IT MEANS NO COMMENT! NOW CAN WE PLEASE CHANGE THE SUBJECT?
DO I KNOW THIS GUY? OR IS THERE MORE THAN ONE?
—OH, WAITER! CHECK, PLEASE!
HERE YOU GO, MA'AM...
GIVE IT TO HIM. HE'S PAYIN'.
—I AM? AREN'T WE AT LEAST GOIN' "HALFSIES"?
HEY, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ASKED ME OUT, REMEMBER? THAT MEANS YOU PAY! RULES ARE RULES!
RIGHT, RIGHT...I FORGOT ABOUT THE "RULES"...
WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF "DATING"...
YOU DIDN'T FINISH THE TORTELLINI, EITHER. AREN'T YOU GOING TO "DOGGIE-BAG" IT?
NAH. YOU WERE RIGHT, IT IS GROSS.
SUIT YOURSELF. AFTER ALL, YOU PAID FOR IT! NYUK! NYUK!
HEH-HEH...
ARRGH! I'M GONNA GIVE BABS HELL FOR FIXING ME UP WITH THIS NO-SEX, CHEAPSKATE FRIEND OF HERS!
—OOH, HE'S HELPING ME WITH MY COAT! HOW GENTLEMAN-LIKE...
PLUS I GOTTA FIND OUT WHO THIS "NO COMMENT" IS!

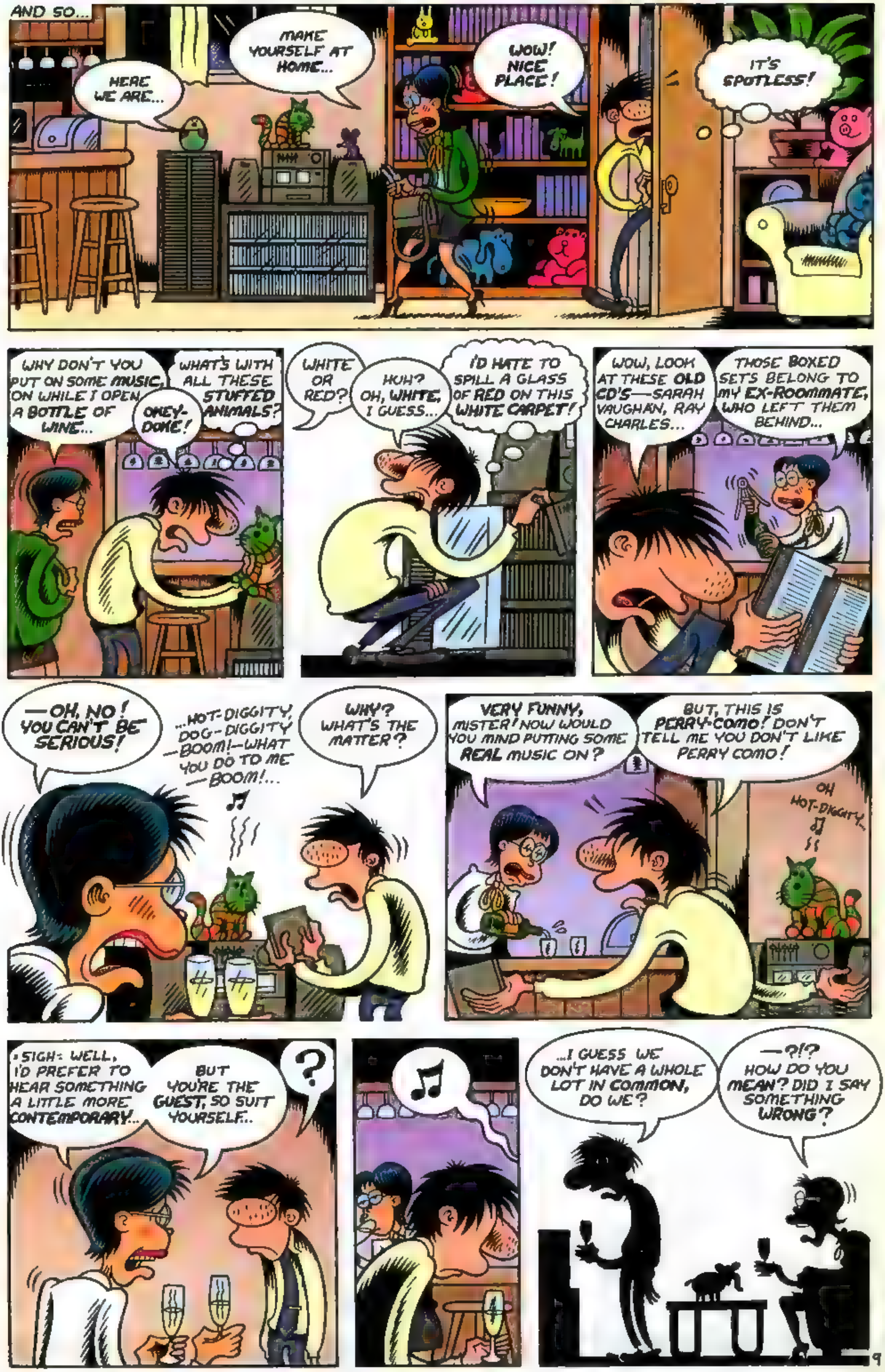

THE NEXT DAY, AT BABS' HOUSE...
—GHOD, LISTEN TO YOU! YOU'RE SUCH A SEXIST PIG!
HEY, ALL I'M SAYIN' IS—
IF ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS GETTING LAID THEN WHY DON'T YOU JUST HIRE A PROSTITUTE?
BELIEVE ME, THAT NOTION IS LOOKING BETTER TO ME ALL THE TIME...
WHAT'S A "PROSTITUTE," MOMMY?
HUH? OH, IT'S N-NOTHING, DEAR...
GO PLAY WITH YOUR BARBIES, SWEETHEART. ME 'N' YOUR UNCLE BUDDY ARE HAVING GROWN-UP TALK...
BUT, I WANTED UNCLE BUDDY TO BE KEN FOR ME...
HE'LL PLAY WITH YOU LATER. NOW SCOOT!
I'LL "BE KEN" LATER, ALEXIS, I PROMISE.
OKAY, THAT'S A PROMISE! SO YOU BETTER NOT FORGET!
..OY... "KEN"...
THAT'S WHO I'M TRYING TO BE IN REAL LIFE AS WELL, ONLY I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT IT...
LOOK BUDDY, I'M SORRY THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT WITH YOU AND SHERRILL, BUT I KNOW SOMEONE ELSE WHO—
OH NO! ARE YOU SUGGESTING A "BLIND DATE"?
SHE'S A FRIEND OF MINE FROM WORK, A FELLOW NURSE...
SHE ALSO WORKS THE EVENING SHIFT, SO YOU AND SHE KEEP THE SAME HOURS, BASICALLY...
OKAY, SO WHAT'S THE BAD NEWS...
NO "BAD NEWS"! SHE'S A SWEET, FRIENDLY, ATTRACTIVE WOMAN!
WELL, SHE MAY BE FIVE OR SO YEARS OLDER THAN YOU, BUT SHE DOESN'T LOOK IT...
IN FACT, SHE'S IN GREAT SHAPE...


SO, SHE'S IN HER EARLY 30's, YET SHE'S STILL "AVAILABLE," IN SPITE OF ALL OF HER APPARENT CHARMS...
WHY IS THAT, DO YOU SUPPOSE?
OH BUDDY, STOP BEING SO SUSPICIOUS!
SHE COULD JUST AS WELL ASK THE SAME QUESTION OF YOU, Y'KNOW!
SO? TELL HER THE TRUTH! TELL HER I'M FUCKED-UP!
OH, F'R GOODNESS SAKES...
DO YOU WANT HER NUMBER OR NOT?
=SIGH= ALL RIGHT... WHAT DO I HAVE TO LOSE...
WHAT'S HER NAME, ANYWAY?
HER NAME'S NICOLE... AND SHE'S ORIENTAL, BY THE WAY...
NOT THAT IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE, BUT ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO SURE WITH YOU...
HEY, WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN? THAT I'M A "RACIST" AS WELL AS A "SEXIST"?
WHAT TH' HELL DO I CARE IF SHE'S A LI'L CHINKER? JUST AS LONG AS SHE'S GOT A FUNCTIONING VAGINA...
MY GOD, JUST LISTEN TO YOU! LET'S FORGET THE WHOLE THING...
RRRRIP!
OH, CUT IT OUT!
GIMME THAT NUMBER— I'LL BE A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, I SWEAR!
=SIGH= I KNOW I'M GONNA REGRET THIS...
GRAB!
I'LL ACT LIKE I DON'T HAVE A DICK— JUST LIKE KEN!
(—OH, AND THAT REMINDS ME: WORD ON THE STREET HAS IT THAT YOUR VAGINA'S BEEN GETTING A WORK-OUT LATELY)...
WHAT?!? WHO TOLD YOU THAT?!
SHERRILL INTIMATED AS MUCH, THOUGH SHE WAS PRETTY STINGY WITH THE DETAILS...
SO WHO'S THE LUCKY FELLOW? ANYONE I KNOW?
NO COMMENT! THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT, IS NO COMMENT...
—AND DON'T YOU DARE BRING THIS UP IN FRONT OF THE KIDS, YOU HEAR ME? I'M TRYING TO SET A GOOD EXAMPLE...
OKAY! OKAY! SHEESH! (BUT I DON'T SEE WHY IT HAS TO BE SUCH A BIG SECRET)...
OH, UNCLE BUD-DEE! TIME TO PLAY BARBIES, LIKE YOU PROMISED!

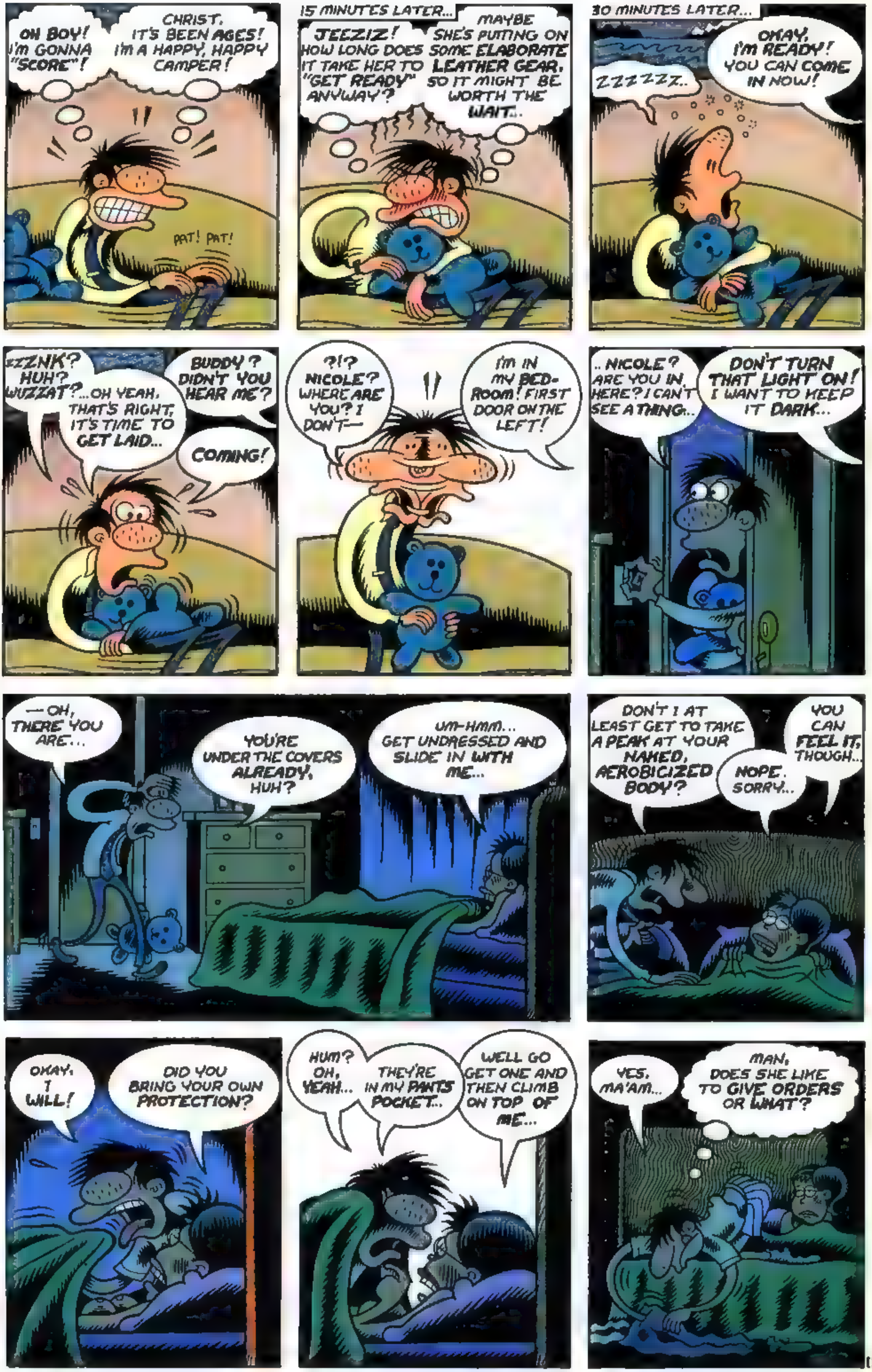
THE FOLLOWING WEEKEND, AT BUDDY'S STORE...
HI, BUDDY! I—
WOW! HUBBA-HUBBA!
—WHO? WHAT? WHERE?
THE SHOES
HOW TO DRAW FOR CASH MONEY!
YOU'RE WEARING A TIE! OH, HOW ADORABLE!
DID YOU GET ALL DRESSED UP JUST FOR ME?
OH, NO, I, UH...
YOU SEE, I HAVE THIS, UH, APPOINTMENT LATER, SO I, UH...
SO DON'T I COUNT AS AN "APPOINTMENT"?
?!? YOU? HOW SO? I DON'T—
YOU DID REMEMBER THAT I WAS COMING OVER TO SWAP RECORDS WITH YOU TODAY, DIDN'T YOU?
THAT'S WHY I THOUGHT THE TIE WAS FOR ME...
OH, Y-YES, OF COURSE I REMEMBER...
ONLY WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT QUICK, OR I'LL BE LATE FOR MY DATE...
AH-HA! SO IT'S A "DATE," IS IT?
THAT'S NO FAIR! WHEN ARE WE GONNA GO ON OUR DATE? I ASKED YOU FIRST!
WHAT'S THE STORY—IS SHE HOTTER LOOKING THAN ME OR SOMETHING?
AM I NOT YOUR "TYPE"? IS THAT THE PROBLEM?
WELL, NO— I MEAN YES! I MEAN...
OH, I BET I KNOW WHAT THE PROBLEM IS— I COME ON TOO STRONG, DON'T I? YOU'RE AFRAID OF ME, AREN'T YA?
C'MON, YOU CAN TELL ME THE TRUTH!
WELL, Y-YES, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT... YOU SCARE THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME...


OH, I DO, DO I? WELL SOR-RY...
L-LOOK, I MEANT NO OFFENSE...
IT'S MY PROBLEM, NOT YOURS, BELIEVE ME...
IT'S JUST THAT I'M ONLY STARTING TO GET BACK TO THE SWING OF THINGS, DATING-WISE, AND I'M REALLY OUT OF PRACTICE...
...SO WHILE I'M FLATTERED BY YOUR INTEREST, I'M ALSO RATHER CONFUSED BY IT, AND I'M AFRAID I'LL ONLY DISAPPOINT YOU IF WE, YOU KNOW, ATTEMPT ANYTHING...
OH... I SEE...
SO YOU WANNA BE THE ONE WHO MAKES THE FIRST MOVE, IS THAT IT?
YOU'RE THE OLD-FASHIONED TYPE, HUH?
I...GUESS... SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
...OH GOD, I DON'T KNOW WHAT MY PROBLEM IS...
WELL, LOOK, I'LL TELL YA WHAT...
I'LL BACK OFF FOR A WHILE UNTIL YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE READY TO HANG OUT WITH ME, AT WHICH POINT YOU'LL LET ME KNOW, OKAY?
ERRR... SURE... OKAY...
MEANWHILE, I'LL BE A-HOPIN' AND A-PRAYIN' THAT YOU WILL "SCORE" TONIGHT, BECAUSE LIKE YOU SAID YOU NEED THE "PRACTICE", RIGHT?
ERRR... R-RIGHT! HEH-HEH...
THAT WAY, BY THE TIME YOU GET AROUND TO ME YOU'LL BE A WELL-OILED MACHINE, RIGHT?
OH, DIDJA REMEMBER TO BRING RUBBERS? 'CUZ I GOT SOME IF YOU NEED 'EM...
N-NO, NO, THAT'S OKAY, I GOT SOME ALREADY...
GOOD!
OH, AND WHAT ABOUT OUR RECORD SWAP?
LET'S MAKE IT TOMORROW, OKAY? SAME BAT-TIME...
THOMAS DOLBY
OKAY, TOMORROW IT IS...
'BYE!
'BYE!
SLAM!
GOD, THAT WOMAN EXHAUSTS ME!
AND I STILL CAN'T TELL WHETHER SHE'S PUTTING ME ON OR NOT!

THAT EVENING...
BP
GAS
LAS MARGUERITAS
DOG GROOM
THE MALL
SO BY NEXT SPRING I SHOULD BE PROMOTED TO HEAD NURSE OF MY SHIFT...
...ON MY FLOOR, THAT IS. I KNOW, BIG DEAL, RIGHT?
NO, I'M IMPRESSED! THAT SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD...
I MYSELF COULDN'T IMAGINE BEING THE BOSS OF THAT MANY PEOPLE...
I CAN HARDLY MANAGE BEING THE BOSS OF MYSELF!
YES, WELL, IT COMES EASY TO ME, I MUST CONFESS...
I'VE BECOME THE "BOSS" AT EVERY JOB I'VE EVER HAD, MAINLY BECAUSE I CAN'T STAND DISORGANIZATION...
I ALWAYS TAKE ON OTHER PEOPLE'S RESPONSIBILITIES, IF THAT'S THE ONLY WAY THINGS'LL GET DONE...
HMMM...
WE STILL HAVE TIME TO TAKE IN A MOVIE, IF YOU'D LIKE. DO YOU HAVE THAT LIST I GAVE YOU?
UM-HUM. I'M LOOKING AT IT RIGHT NOW...
THIS IS AMAZING...
FIRST YOU GAVE ME A TYPE-WRITTEN LIST OF RESTAURANTS FOR ME TO CHOSE FROM...
AND NOW I GET TO PICK FROM A LIST OF MOVIES, COMPLETE WITH SHOWTIMES AND EVERY-THING...
I LISTED THEM IN ORDER OF MY PREFERENCE, BUT DON'T LET THAT SWAY YOUR DECISION...
...WELL? HAVE YOU DECIDED?
OH, I DUNNO... ANY ONE OF THESE WILL DO FOR ME, I SUPPOSE...
I'M NOT A BIG MOVIE-GOIN' PERSON, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH...
OH NO? NEITHER AM I... ALL THAT SPILLED POPCORN ALL OVER THE PLACE—UGH!
WE COULD JUST GO BACK TO MY PLACE, IF YOU'D PREFER...
ERRR... SURE! THAT SOUNDS GOOD...
OH BOY! OH BOY!


AND SO...
HERE WE ARE...
MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME...
WOW! NICE PLACE!
IT'S SPOTLESS!
WHY DON'T YOU PUT ON SOME MUSIC, ON WHILE I OPEN A BOTTLE OF WINE...
WHAT'S WITH ALL THESE STUFFED ANIMALS?
OKEY-DOKE!
WHITE OR RED?
HUH? OH, WHITE, I GUESS...
I'D HATE TO SPILL A GLASS OF RED ON THIS WHITE CARPET!
WOW, LOOK AT THESE OLD CD'S—SARAH VAUGHAN, RAY CHARLES...
THOSE BOXED SETS BELONG TO MY EX-ROOMMATE, WHO LEFT THEM BEHIND...
—OH, NO! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!
...HOT-DIGGITY, DOG-DIGGITY —BOOM!—WHAT YOU DO TO ME —BOOM!...
WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
VERY FUNNY, MISTER! NOW WOULD YOU MIND PUTTING SOME REAL MUSIC ON?
BUT, THIS IS PERRY COMO! DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T LIKE PERRY COMO!
OH HOT-DIGGITY...
•SIGH• WELL, I'D PREFER TO HEAR SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE CONTEMPORARY...
BUT YOU'RE THE GUEST, SO SUIT YOURSELF...
?
...I GUESS WE DON'T HAVE A WHOLE LOT IN COMMON, DO WE?
—?!? HOW DO YOU MEAN? DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?
9

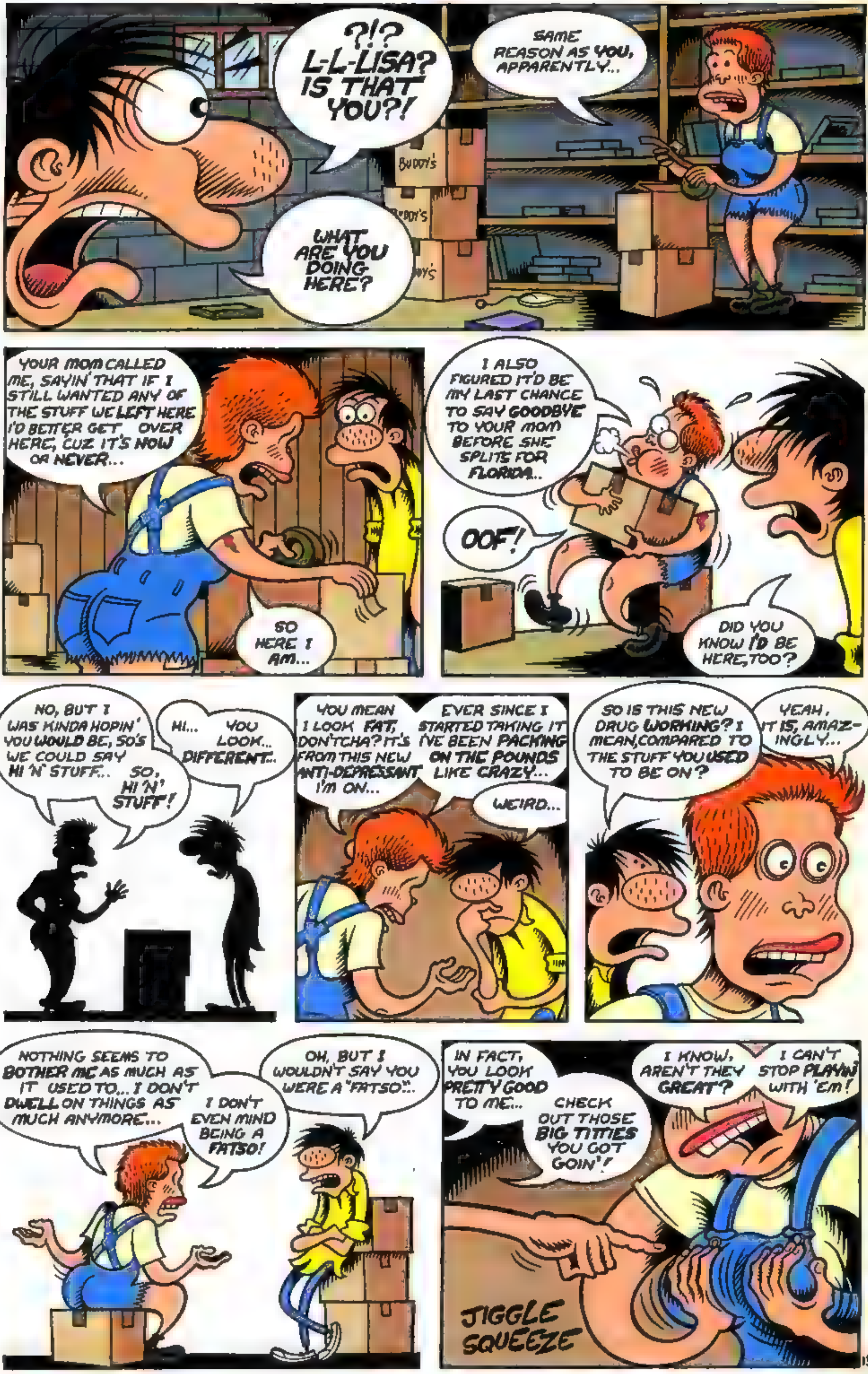
NO, NOT AT ALL! AND I'M NOT SAYIN' IT'S A BAD THING...
WE JUST SEEM TO BE VERY DIFFERENT IN A LOT OF WAYS, IS ALL...
HOW SO?
WELL—HEH-HEH!— YOU'D PROBABLY BE APPALLED IF YOU EVER SAW WHERE I LIVED...
I MEAN, IT'S PRETTY FUNKY...
AND MY CHOICE OF ENTERTAINMENT IS A LITTLE ON THE WEIRD SIDE...
SO? THAT'S WHAT MAKES YOU INTERESTING TO ME!
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN OPPOSITES ATTRACT-ING?
ER, SURE! BUT DON'T YOU USUALLY GO OUT WITH PEOPLE YOU MEET AT WORK? LIKE DOCTORS?
OH, I HAVE IN THE PAST, BUT I'M REALLY NOT INTERESTED IN DATING DOCTORS...
AND THE FEELING IS MUTUAL, I'M AFRAID...
OH? HOW SO?
I'M TOO OLD, FOR ONE THING, AND TOO OPINIONATED, FOR ANOTHER. THEY'RE ALL LOOKING FOR SOMEONE YOUNG AND COMPLIANT.
I TEND TO SCARE THEM AWAY...
REALLY? I'M SHOCKED! I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE HOT STUFF!
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU MUST WORK-OUT OR SOMETHING...
OH, I WORK OUT RELIGIOUSLY. DON'T YOU?
DO I? NO.
HERE, PUT DOWN YOUR DRINK...
...YOU CAN KISS ME IF YOU WANT...
...OH... OKAY...
SMOOTCH!
...UHH-HEH-HEH!— BEFORE I START TO GET TOO AROUSED, I GUESS I SHOULD ASK YOU HOW FAR YOU WANT TO—
AS FAR AS YOU WANT TO. I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT.
R-REALLY? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
OF COURSE! TSK! DON'T BE SO WISHY-WASHY! JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT!
OH! WELL... I WOULDN'T MIND HAVING SEX...
FINE. WAIT RIGHT HERE WHILE I GET MYSELF READY.


OH BOY! I'M GONNA "SCORE"!
CHRIST. IT'S BEEN AGES! I'M A HAPPY, HAPPY CAMPER!
PAT! PAT!
15 MINUTES LATER...
JEEZIZ! HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE HER TO "GET READY" ANYWAY?
MAYBE SHE'S PUTTING ON SOME ELABORATE LEATHER GEAR, SO IT MIGHT BE WORTH THE WAIT...
30 MINUTES LATER...
ZZZZZZ...
OKAY, I'M READY! YOU CAN COME IN NOW!
ZZZNK? HUH? WUZZAT?...OH YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S TIME TO GET LAID...
BUDDY? DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME?
COMING!
?!? NICOLE? WHERE ARE YOU? I DON'T—
I'M IN MY BED-ROOM! FIRST DOOR ON THE LEFT!
..NICOLE? ARE YOU IN HERE? I CAN'T SEE A THING...
DON'T TURN THAT LIGHT ON! I WANT TO KEEP IT DARK...
—OH, THERE YOU ARE...
YOU'RE UNDER THE COVERS ALREADY, HUH?
UM-HMM... GET UNDRESSED AND SLIDE IN WITH ME...
DON'T I AT LEAST GET TO TAKE A PEAK AT YOUR NAKED, AEROBICIZED BODY?
NOPE. SORRY...
YOU CAN FEEL IT, THOUGH...
OKAY, I WILL!
DID YOU BRING YOUR OWN PROTECTION?
HUM? OH, YEAH...
THEY'RE IN MY PANTS POCKET...
WELL GO GET ONE AND THEN CLIMB ON TOP OF ME...
YES, MA'AM...
MAN, DOES SHE LIKE TO GIVE ORDERS OR WHAT?

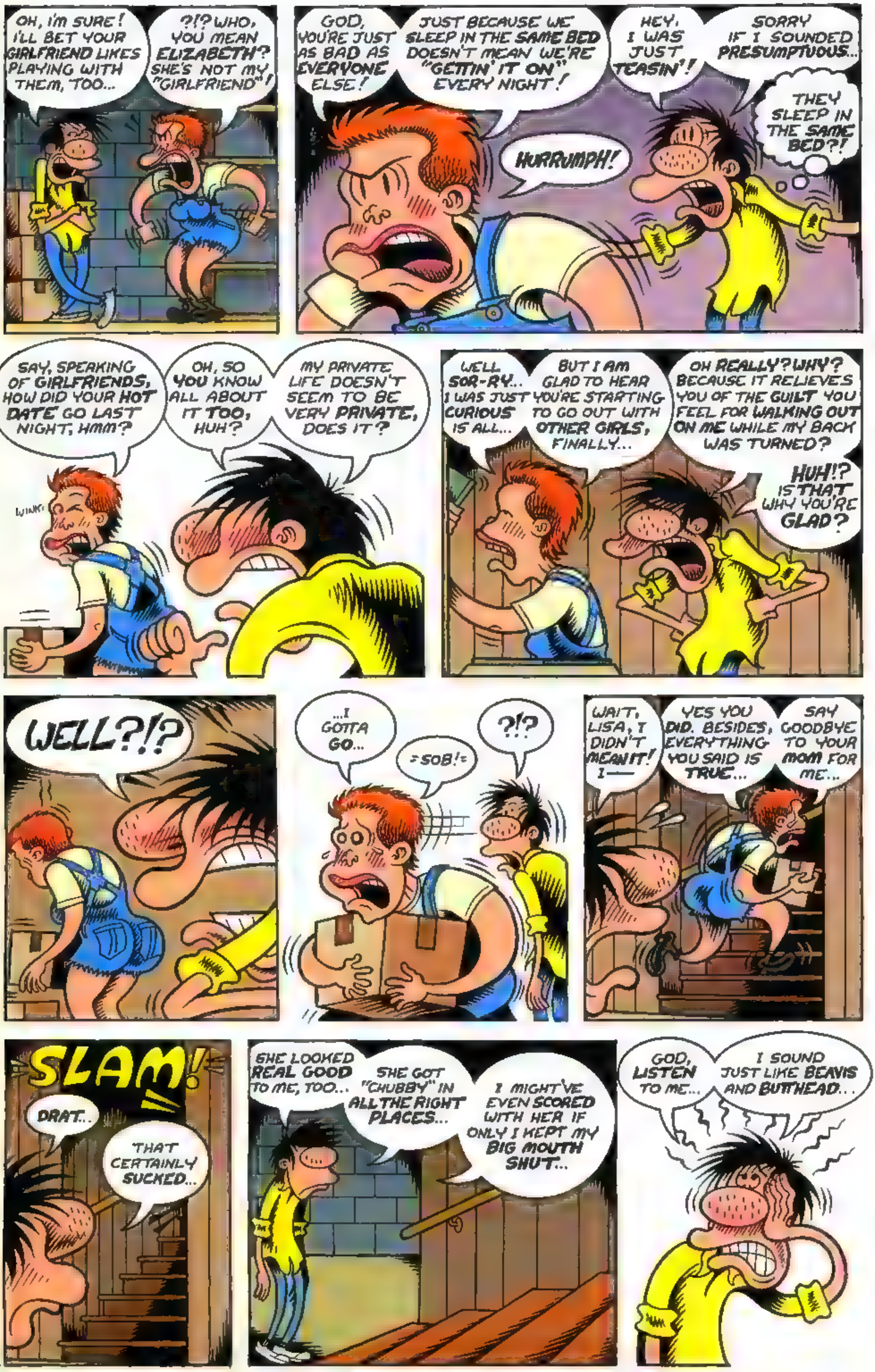
AND SO .
OKAY, HERE WE GO, IN LIKE FLYNN!
OH YEAH... PUSSIES ARE NICE...
SHE'S BEING SO QUIET, THOUGH, WHICH I HATE...
MAKES IT SEEM LIKE SHE'S DOING ME A FAVOR...
GUESS I SHOULDN'T BE TOO SURPRISED IF SHE DOESN'T COME...
OOPS! GUESS I WAS WRONG...
WE'VE GOT A REGULAR EARTHQUAKE STARTIN' UP OVAH HEAH...
RUMBLE, RUMBLE, BRUMBLE
WHOA, NELLIE! I'M HANGIN' ON FOR DEAR LIFE!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
IT FEELS LIKE I'M ON A ROLLER COASTER RIDE!
AND YET SHE'S STILL NOT MAKING A SOUND!
UH-OH, LOST MY GRIP...
AND AWAY I GO...
FLING!
BONK!
BUDDY?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE FLOOR?
HMM? OH, I, UH, SLIPPED AND FELL...
DON'T ASK ME HOW...
WELL, TRY NOT TO DRIP ANYTHING ON TO THE CARPET..
I JUST HAD THEM CLEANED...
OKAY, I'LL BE CAREFUL..
OOPS! TOO LATE!

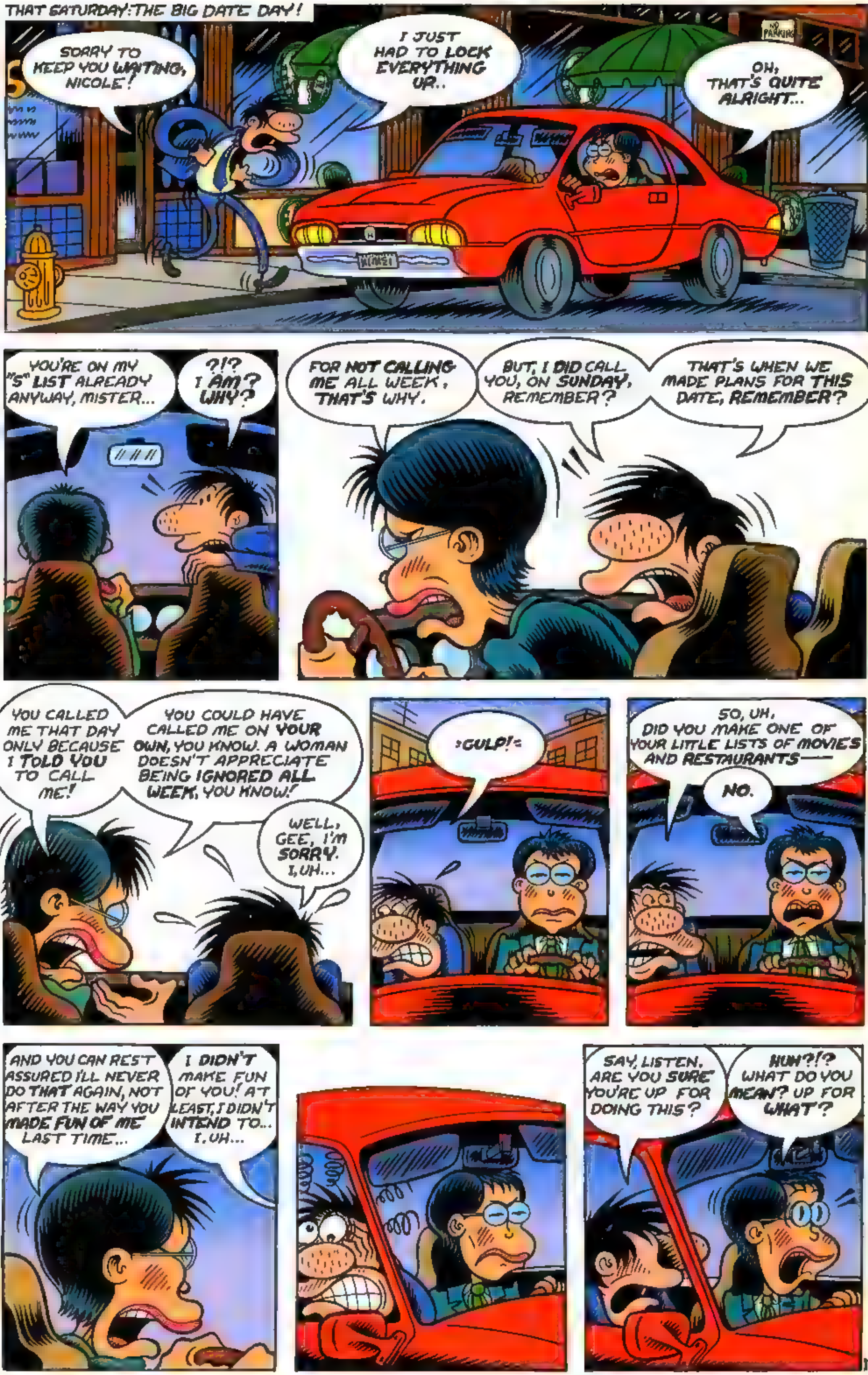
LATER...
YOU ARE SLEEPING OVER, AREN'T YOU?
OH, JEEZ, I DUNNO...
PISSSS
I MEAN, I GUESS I COULD, BUT THE THING IS I HAVE TO BE AT MY STORE IN FIVE HOURS TO MEET SOMEONE, AND I'D HATE TO HAVE TO WAKE YOU UP SO SOON JUST SO'S YOU COULD DROP ME OFF THEN...
FLUSH!
SHAKE SHAKE
SO I THINK IT'D BE BETTER FOR YOU IF YOU JUST TOOK ME HOME NOW, DON'T YOU THINK?
OH, I SUPPOSE...
?!? HEY, ARE YOU CRYING?
NO... =SNIFF!=
NO? B-BUT, YOU'VE GOT TEARS POURING DOWN YOUR FACE...
I'M NOT CRYING, OKAY?
LOOK, I'LL GLADLY STAY IF YOU WANT ME TO...
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WANT YOU TO?
NOW TURN AROUND AND CLOSE YOUR EYES WHILE I GET DRESSED...
CLOSE MY EYES? BUT—
JUST DO AS I SAY, ALL RIGHT?
...AND YOU'D BETTER REMEMBER TO CALL ME TOMORROW, OR YOU'LL REALLY BE IN TROUBLE, MISTER...
YES, MA'AM...
OH MAN, WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO?

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE OLD BRADLEY HOMESTEAD.
HELLO, MOM? ARE YOU HERE?
I'M IN THE KITCHEN, BUDDY!
ERS
GEE WHIZ, LOOK AT THIS PLACE...
THE MOVING TRUCK IS HERE AND EVERYTHING...
THIS IS WEIRD...
I TOLD YOU TODAY WAS MY LAST DAY HERE...
SO WHERE'S WHAT'S LEFT OF MY STUFF?
IT'S DOWNSTAIRS, ALL BOXED-UP AND WAITING FOR YOU...
SO HOW'D YOUR DATE GO ON SATURDAY?
HMM? OH, SO BABS TOLD YOU, HUH?
IT WENT OKAY, I GUESS...
THAT'S NICE. ARE YOU GOING TO SEE HER AGAIN?
YEAH, WE GOT ANOTHER DATE LINED UP FOR THIS SATURDAY... WE'LL SEE HOW IT GOES FROM THERE...
GUESS I'LL GO GET MY STUFF...
THERE'S A SURPRISE WAITING FOR YOU DOWN THERE AS WELL...
A "SURPRISE"? I WOND—
HIYA, BUDDY!

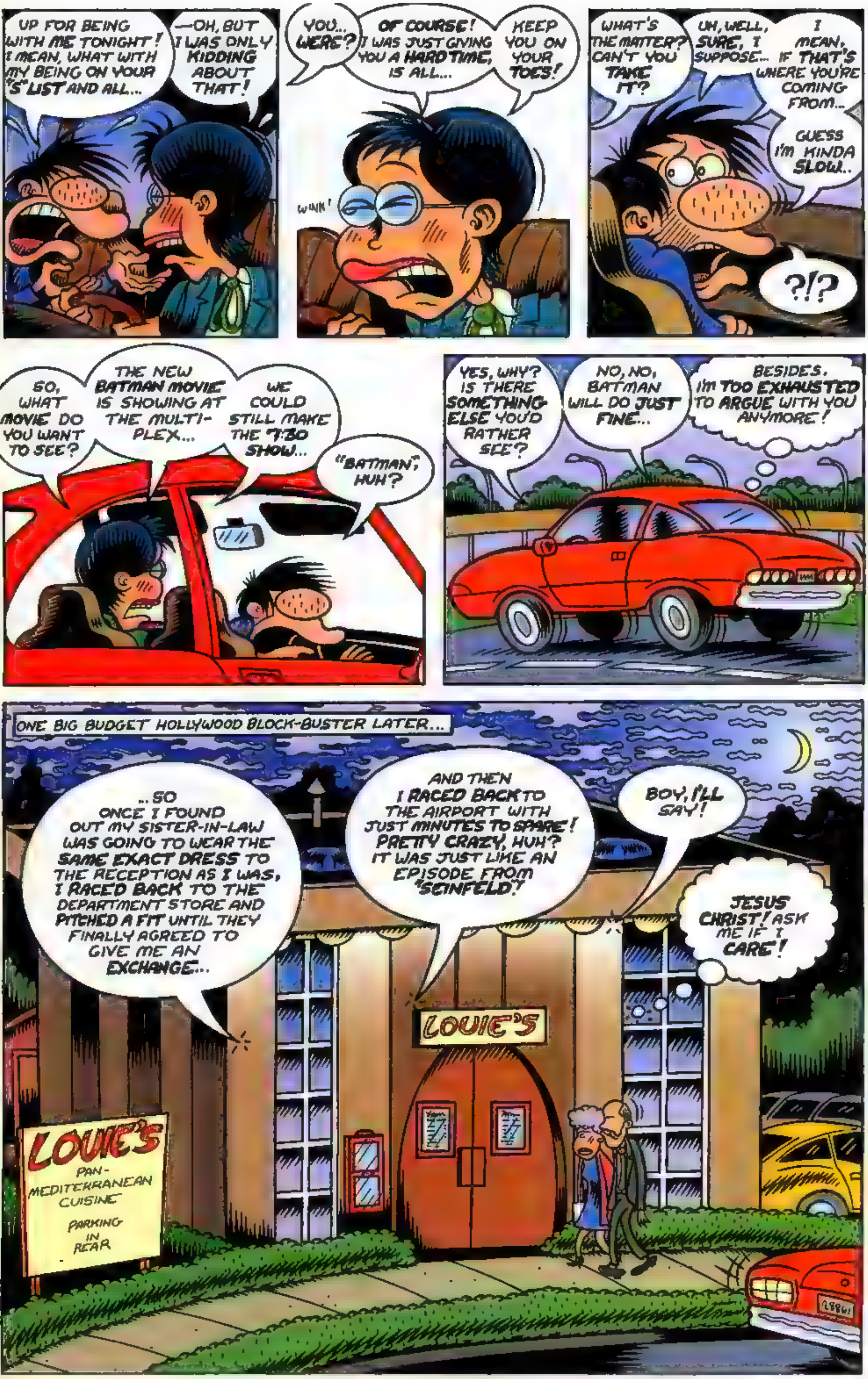


?!? L-L-LISA? IS THAT YOU?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
SAME REASON AS YOU, APPARENTLY...
BUDDY'S
BUDDY'S
YOUR MOM CALLED ME, SAYIN' THAT IF I STILL WANTED ANY OF THE STUFF WE LEFT HERE I'D BETTER GET OVER HERE, CUZ IT'S NOW OR NEVER...
SO HERE I AM...
I ALSO FIGURED IT'D BE MY LAST CHANCE TO SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR MOM BEFORE SHE SPLITS FOR FLORIDA...
OOF!
DID YOU KNOW I'D BE HERE, TOO?
NO, BUT I WAS KINDA HOPIN' YOU WOULD BE, SO'S WE COULD SAY HI 'N' STUFF...
SO, HI 'N' STUFF!
HI... YOU LOOK... DIFFERENT...
YOU MEAN I LOOK FAT, DON'TCHA? IT'S FROM THIS NEW ANTI-DEPRESSANT I'M ON...
EVER SINCE I STARTED TAKING IT I'VE BEEN PACKING ON THE POUNDS LIKE CRAZY...
WEIRD...
SO IS THIS NEW DRUG WORKING? I MEAN, COMPARED TO THE STUFF YOU USED TO BE ON?
YEAH, IT IS, AMAZINGLY...
NOTHING SEEMS TO BOTHER ME AS MUCH AS IT USED TO... I DON'T DWELL ON THINGS AS MUCH ANYMORE...
I DON'T EVEN MIND BEING A FATSO!
OH, BUT I WOULDN'T SAY YOU WERE A "FATSO"...
IN FACT, YOU LOOK PRETTY GOOD TO ME...
CHECK OUT THOSE BIG TITTIES YOU GOT GOIN'!
I KNOW, AREN'T THEY GREAT?
I CAN'T STOP PLAYIN' WITH 'EM!
JIGGLE SQUEEZE


OH, I'M SURE! I'LL BET YOUR GIRLFRIEND LIKES PLAYING WITH THEM, TOO...
?!? WHO, YOU MEAN ELIZABETH? SHE'S NOT MY "GIRLFRIEND"!
GOD, YOU'RE JUST AS BAD AS EVERYONE ELSE!
JUST BECAUSE WE SLEEP IN THE SAME BED DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE "GETTIN' IT ON" EVERY NIGHT!
HURRUMPH!
HEY, I WAS JUST TEASIN'!
SORRY IF I SOUNDED PRESUMPTUOUS...
THEY SLEEP IN THE SAME BED?!
SAY, SPEAKING OF GIRLFRIENDS, HOW DID YOUR HOT DATE GO LAST NIGHT, HMM?
WINK
OH, SO YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT TOO, HUH?
MY PRIVATE LIFE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE VERY PRIVATE, DOES IT?
WELL SOR-RY... I WAS JUST CURIOUS IS ALL...
BUT I AM GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE STARTING TO GO OUT WITH OTHER GIRLS, FINALLY...
OH REALLY? WHY? BECAUSE IT RELIEVES YOU OF THE GUILT YOU FEEL FOR WALKING OUT ON ME WHILE MY BACK WAS TURNED?
HUH!? IS THAT WHY YOU'RE GLAD?
WELL?!?
...I GOTTA GO...
=SOB!=
?!?
WAIT, LISA, I DIDN'T MEAN IT! I—
YES YOU DID. BESIDES, EVERYTHING YOU SAID IS TRUE...
SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR MOM FOR ME...
SLAM!
DRAT...
THAT CERTAINLY SUCKED...
SHE LOOKED REAL GOOD TO ME, TOO...
SHE GOT "CHUBBY" IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES...
I MIGHT'VE EVEN SCORED WITH HER IF ONLY I KEPT MY BIG MOUTH SHUT...
GOD, LISTEN TO ME...
I SOUND JUST LIKE BEAVIS AND BUTTHEAD...

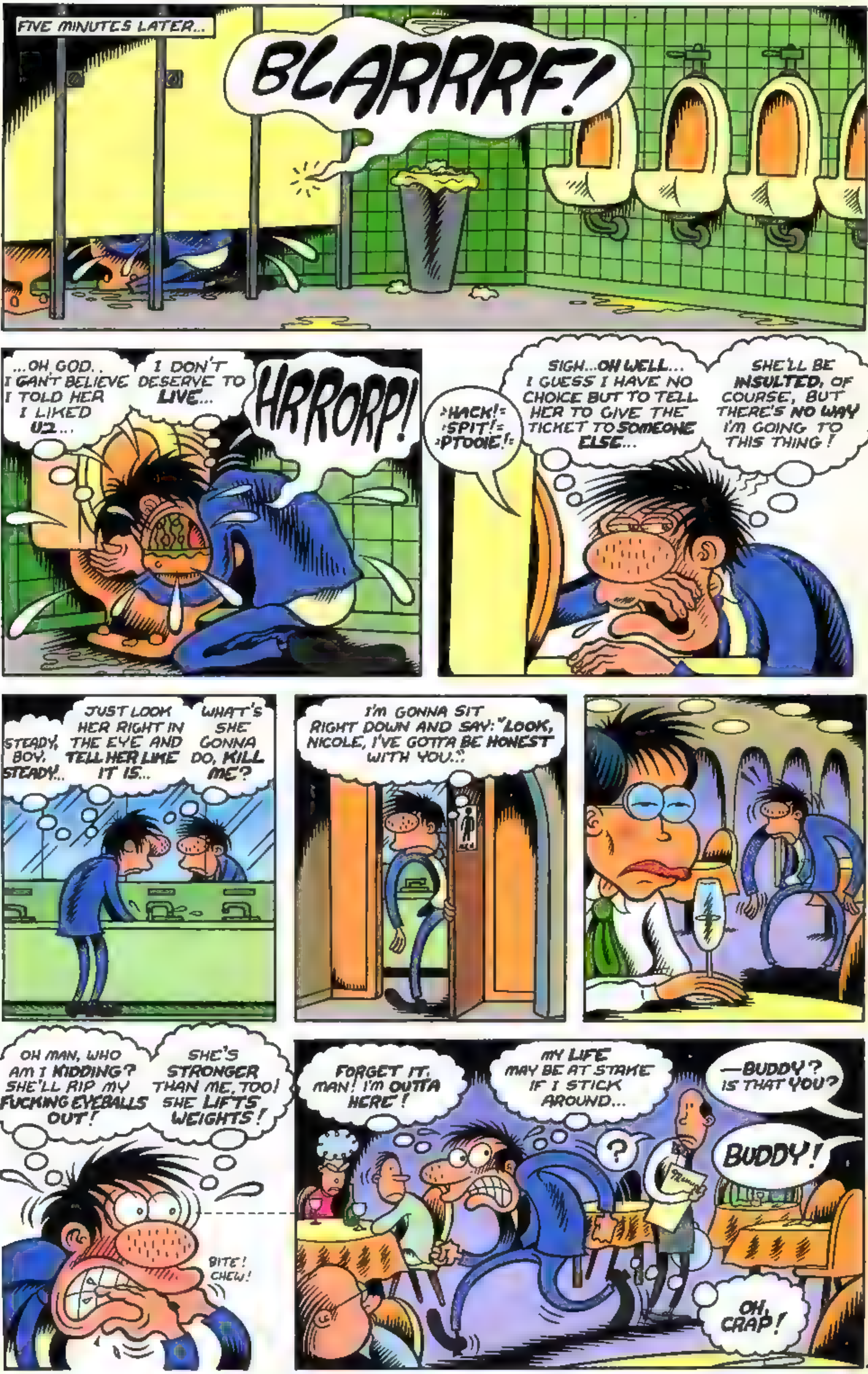


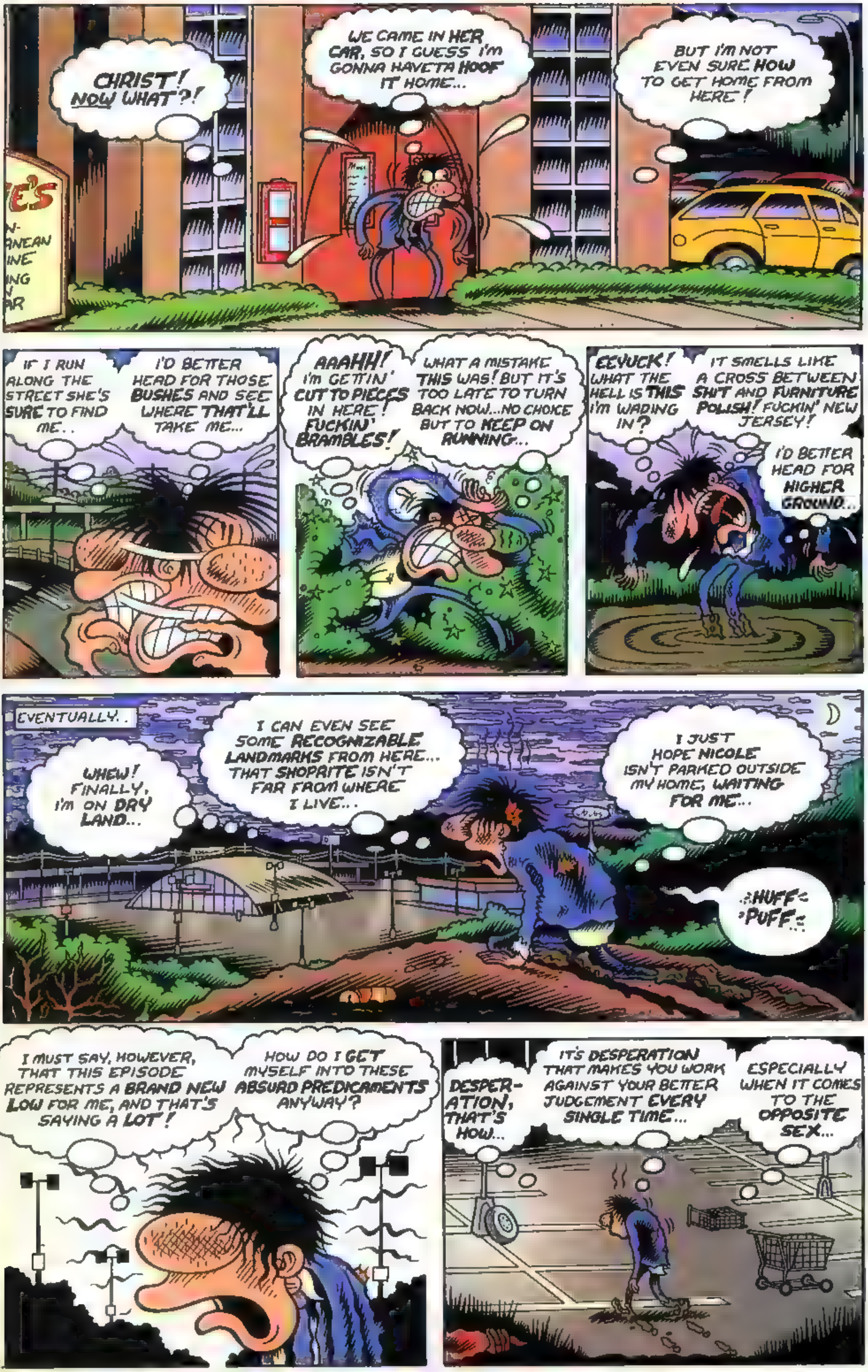
THAT SATURDAY: THE BIG DATE DAY!
SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING, NICOLE!
I JUST HAD TO LOCK EVERYTHING UP..
OH, THAT'S QUITE ALRIGHT...
NO PARKING
YOU'RE ON MY "S" LIST ALREADY ANYWAY, MISTER...
?!? I AM? WHY?
FOR NOT CALLING ME ALL WEEK, THAT'S WHY.
BUT, I DID CALL YOU, ON SUNDAY, REMEMBER?
THAT'S WHEN WE MADE PLANS FOR THIS DATE, REMEMBER?
YOU CALLED ME THAT DAY ONLY BECAUSE I TOLD YOU TO CALL ME!
YOU COULD HAVE CALLED ME ON YOUR OWN, YOU KNOW. A WOMAN DOESN'T APPRECIATE BEING IGNORED ALL WEEK, YOU KNOW!
WELL, GEE, I'M SORRY. I, UH...
:GULP!:
SO, UH, DID YOU MAKE ONE OF YOUR LITTLE LISTS OF MOVIES AND RESTAURANTS—
NO.
AND YOU CAN REST ASSURED I'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN, NOT AFTER THE WAY YOU MADE FUN OF ME LAST TIME...
I DIDN'T MAKE FUN OF YOU! AT LEAST, I DIDN'T INTEND TO... I, UH...
SAY, LISTEN, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR DOING THIS?
HUH?!? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? UP FOR WHAT?


UP FOR BEING WITH ME TONIGHT! I MEAN, WHAT WITH MY BEING ON YOUR "S" LIST AND ALL...
—OH, BUT I WAS ONLY KIDDING ABOUT THAT!
YOU... WERE?
OF COURSE! I WAS JUST GIVING YOU A HARD TIME, IS ALL...
KEEP YOU ON YOUR TOES!
WINK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T YOU TAKE IT?
UH, WELL, SURE, I SUPPOSE...
I MEAN, IF THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM...
GUESS I'M KINDA SLOW..
?!?
SO, WHAT MOVIE DO YOU WANT TO SEE?
THE NEW BATMAN MOVIE IS SHOWING AT THE MULTI-PLEX...
WE COULD STILL MAKE THE 7:30 SHOW...
"BATMAN", HUH?
YES, WHY? IS THERE SOMETHING ELSE YOU'D RATHER SEE?
NO, NO, BATMAN WILL DO JUST FINE...
BESIDES, I'M TOO EXHAUSTED TO ARGUE WITH YOU ANYMORE!
ONE BIG BUDGET HOLLYWOOD BLOCK-BUSTER LATER...
..SO ONCE I FOUND OUT MY SISTER-IN-LAW WAS GOING TO WEAR THE SAME EXACT DRESS TO THE RECEPTION AS I WAS, I RACED BACK TO THE DEPARTMENT STORE AND PITCHED A FIT UNTIL THEY FINALLY AGREED TO GIVE ME AN EXCHANGE...
AND THEN I RACED BACK TO THE AIRPORT WITH JUST MINUTES TO SPARE! PRETTY CRAZY, HUH? IT WAS JUST LIKE AN EPISODE FROM "SEINFELD"!
BOY, I'LL SAY!
JESUS CHRIST! ASK ME IF I CARE!
LOUIE'S
LOUIE'S
PAN-MEDITERRANEAN CUISINE
PARKING IN REAR

OH, THERE'S THE WAITER...
—HELLO! EXCUSE ME!
OH NO, HERE WE GO AGAIN...
YES, MA'AM?
THIS CHICKEN IS IN A CREAM SAUCE...
I WOULD'VE SWORN I ORDERED IT IN A LEMON AND WHITE WINE SAUCE...
BUT, THIS IS THE CHICKEN WITH LEMON SAUCE...
IT HAS CREAM IN IT, AND IT WEIGHS A TON! WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, AN IDIOT?
MY GOD, WILL YOU LEAVE THE POOR GUY ALONE?
YES, WELL, AS IT SAID ON THE MENU, JUST A TOUCH OF CREAM IS ADDED TO GIVE IT A—
NONSENSE! IF IT SAID THAT ON THE MENU I NEVER WOULD'VE ORDERED IT! ARE YOU SAYING I DON'T KNOW HOW TO READ?!
ARRRGH! JUST EAT YOUR CHICKEN AND SHUT THE FUCK UP!
IF MADAM WOULD LIKE I COULD SHOW YOU THE MENU AGAIN, SO—
DON'T WASTE MY TIME WITH THE STUPID MENU! JUST TAKE THIS BACK AND GIVE ME THE SPECIAL INSTEAD...
MAN! SHE'S GOT BALLS!
@#O!!
NOW, WHERE WERE WE?
—HUH? WHAT? OH, I, UH...
OH, AND BY THE WAY, I'M SORRY IF THIS EVENING SORTA GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT...
HMM? OH, THAT WELL, I—
I REALIZE THAT I CAN BE A BIT DEMANDING AT TIMES —SO MUCH SO THAT I SCARE A LOT OF MEN OFF BECAUSE OF IT...
SO I APPRECIATE YOUR NOT HOLDING IT AGAINST ME...
OH, DON'T MENTION IT...LOOKING BACK ON IT NOW, I DON'T KNOW WHY I WAS ACTING SO DEFENSIVE...
HEH-HEH...

YES, WELL, ANYHOW, I HAVE A SPECIAL SURPRISE FOR YOU, THAT I HOPE WILL MORE THAN MAKE UP FOR IT...
OH?
...AND THESE WEREN'T EASY TO COME BY, SO I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THEM...
WHAT ARE THESE, TICKETS? FOR WHAT?
ADMIT ONE
U2
THEY'RE FOR THE BIG U2 CONCERT COMING UP NEXT WEEK. THEY'RE PRETTY GOOD SEATS, TOO, I MIGHT ADD...
?!?
U2?
UM-HUM. I FIGURED THEY'D BE RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY, SINCE YOU SAID YOU LIKE MUSIC THAT'S "DIFFERENT."
..AND THEY'RE PRETTY "OUT THERE," WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
I...GUESS... WHEN DID YOU SAY THIS SHOW WAS AGAIN?
NEXT WEEKEND. WHY, IS THAT A PROBLEM?
OH, WELL, IT'S JUST THAT I... UH...
DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE FREE NEXT WEEKEND?
ER YES, BUT, I, UH...
BUT WHAT? DON'T YOU LIKE U2?
HUH? OH, S-SURE I LIKE 'EM! WHO DOESN'T?
I MEAN, THIS IS GREAT! YOU KIDDING? I CAN'T WAIT! HEH-HEH..
UH, W-WILL YOU EXCUSE ME FOR A SECOND? I, UH...
?!BUDDY? ARE YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK PALE!
NO, I'M FINE... I JUST HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM REALLY BAD, IS ALL...
OH.. I SEE..
HURRY BACK, OKAY?
RIGHT WILL DO...
RESTROOMS


FIVE MINUTES LATER...
BLARRRF!
...OH GOD.. I CAN'T BELIEVE I TOLD HER I LIKED U2...
I DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE...
HRRORP!
HACK! SPIT! PTOOIE!
SIGH...OH WELL... I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO TELL HER TO GIVE THE TICKET TO SOMEONE ELSE...
SHE'LL BE INSULTED, OF COURSE, BUT THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO THIS THING!
STEADY, BOY, STEADY...
JUST LOOK HER RIGHT IN THE EYE AND TELL HER LIKE IT IS...
WHAT'S SHE GONNA DO, KILL ME?
I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND SAY: "LOOK, NICOLE, I'VE GOTTA BE HONEST WITH YOU.."
OH MAN, WHO AM I KIDDING? SHE'LL RIP MY FUCKING EYEBALLS OUT!
SHE'S STRONGER THAN ME, TOO! SHE LIFTS WEIGHTS!
BITE! CHEW!
FORGET IT, MAN! I'M OUTTA HERE!
MY LIFE MAY BE AT STAKE IF I STICK AROUND...
?
—BUDDY? IS THAT YOU?
BUDDY!
OH, CRAP!

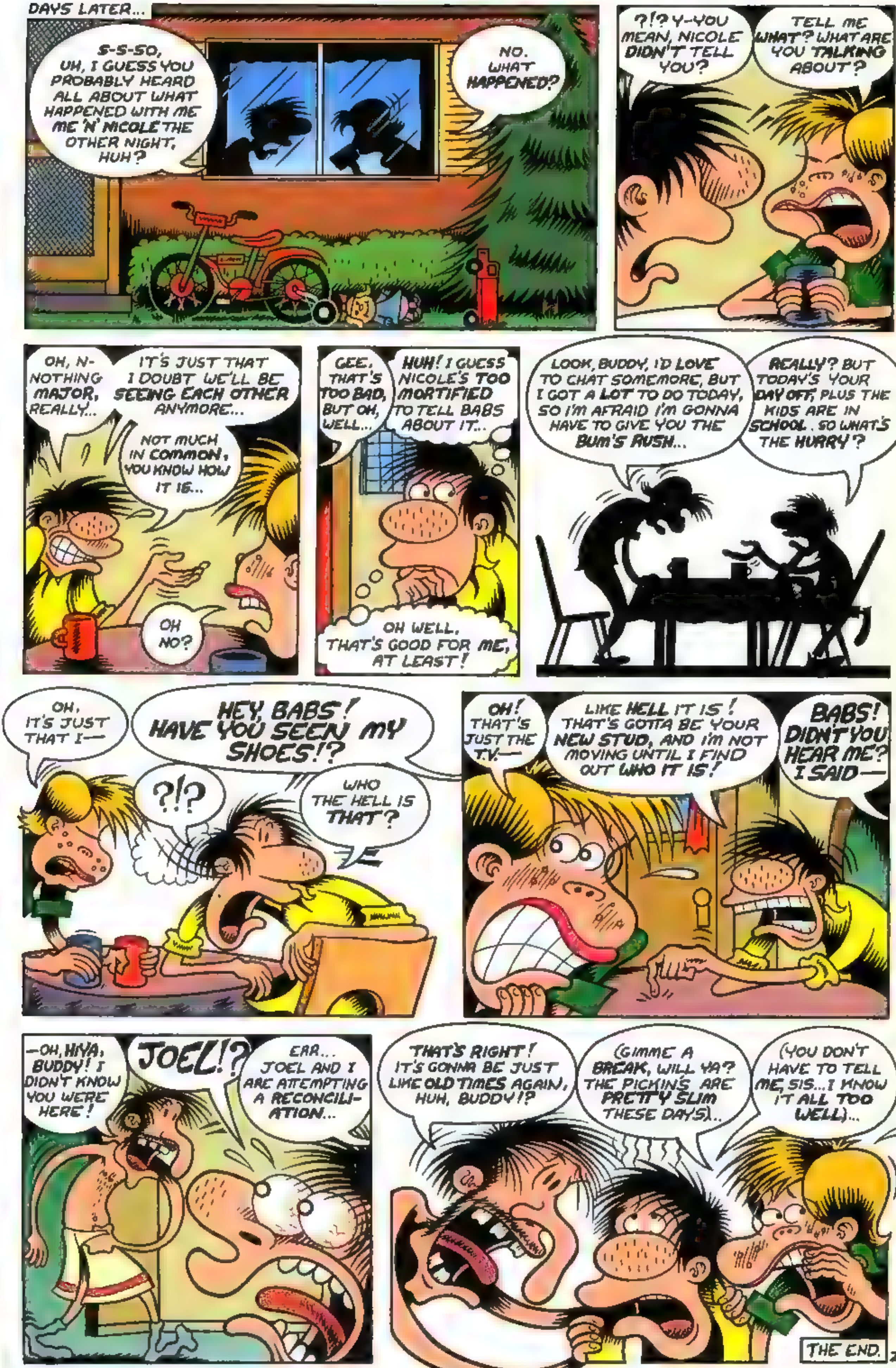

CHRIST! NOW WHAT?!
WE CAME IN HER CAR, SO I GUESS I'M GONNA HAVETA HOOF IT HOME...
BUT I'M NOT EVEN SURE HOW TO GET HOME FROM HERE!
IF I RUN ALONG THE STREET SHE'S SURE TO FIND ME..
I'D BETTER HEAD FOR THOSE BUSHES AND SEE WHERE THAT'LL TAKE ME...
AAAHH! I'M GETTIN' CUT TO PIECES IN HERE! FUCKIN' BRAMBLES!
WHAT A MISTAKE THIS WAS! BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW...NO CHOICE BUT TO KEEP ON RUNNING...
EEYUCK! WHAT THE HELL IS THIS I'M WADING IN?
IT SMELLS LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN SHIT AND FURNITURE POLISH! FUCKIN' NEW JERSEY!
I'D BETTER HEAD FOR HIGHER GROUND...
EVENTUALLY..
WHEW! FINALLY, I'M ON DRY LAND...
I CAN EVEN SEE SOME RECOGNIZABLE LANDMARKS FROM HERE... THAT SHOPRITE ISN'T FAR FROM WHERE I LIVE...
I JUST HOPE NICOLE ISN'T PARKED OUTSIDE MY HOME, WAITING FOR ME...
HUFF PUFF
I MUST SAY, HOWEVER, THAT THIS EPISODE REPRESENTS A BRAND NEW LOW FOR ME, AND THAT'S SAYING A LOT!
HOW DO I GET MYSELF INTO THESE ABSURD PREDICAMENTS ANYWAY?
DESPERATION, THAT'S HOW...
IT'S DESPERATION THAT MAKES YOU WORK AGAINST YOUR BETTER JUDGEMENT EVERY SINGLE TIME...
ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO THE OPPOSITE SEX...

OH GOD, WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHY DID I TURN AND RUN LIKE THAT?
I'M GONNA CATCH SUCH HELL FOR THIS, NOT ONLY FROM HER BUT FROM BABS AS WELL...
MY SISTER IS NEVER GONNA LET ME LIVE THIS ONE DOWN!
AND WHO COULD BLAME HER? THIS IS A REAL SLAP IN THE FACE TO POOR NICOLE...
SHE DOESN'T DESERVE THIS KIND OF TREATMENT!.. SHE'S BASICALLY A GOOD PERSON...
WELL, OKAY, SO SHE'S A DOMINEERING, UPTIGHT BITCH, BUT HEY, NOBODY'S PERFECT...
WHO AM I TO PASS JUDGEMENT?
THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE, ANYWAY, SINCE SHOULD THE DAY EVER COME WHEN AN ACT LIKE U2 CAN'T EVEN GIVE THEIR RECORDS AWAY, THAT'LL BE THE DAY I'LL PROBABLY BECOME THEIR BIGGEST FAN, BEING THE SPITEFUL, CONTRADICTORY FELLOW THAT I AM...
BUYING THOSE TICKETS WAS A VERY THOUGHTFUL GESTURE, AT LEAST FROM HER PERSPECTIVE...
AND HOW DO I SHOW MY APPRECIATION? BY THROWING UP AND RUNNING AWAY, WITHOUT EVEN SAYING GOODBYE... JUST LIKE LISA DID TO ME...
—SAY, I WONDER IF THAT WOULD EXPLAIN MY BEHAVIOR...
THAT THIS IS SOME VAGUE FORM OF RETALIATION AGAINST THE ENTIRE FEMALE GENDER...
THAT I'M TRYING TO GET EVEN FOR THIS FEELING OF ABANDONMENT I'M SUFFERING FROM...
MAN, IF THAT'S THE CASE THEN I'M REALLY FUCKED UP...
IT'S PROBABLY FOR THE BEST THAT I JUST DON'T THINK ABOUT IT ANYMORE...
SEEING HOW I CAN'T AFFORD A SHRINK ANYWAY...
KICK!
SIGH.. IT'S ONLY 10:30...
AND TO THINK I WAS COUNTING ON "GETTING SOME" TONIGHT...
INSTEAD IT'LL BE JUST ANOTHER EVENING SPENT LOOKING FOR PORN ON THE "WORLD WIDE WEB"...
NORTH BERGEN SAVINGS AND LOAN
10:30
EXIT

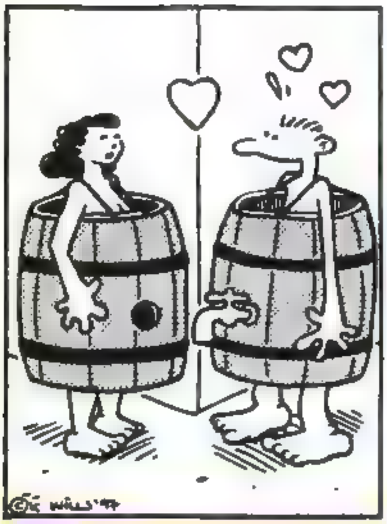
LATER
HMMM...
THIS IS THE BUILDING THAT CRAZY SALLY CHICK LIVES IN...
AAH, WHAT THE HELL...
WHAT DO I GOT TO LOSE?
BZZZZIT!
—WHO GOES THERE? FRIEND OR FOE?
NEITHER. IT'S ME, BUDDY BRADLEY.
HOLD ON, WHILE I BUZZ YOU IN...
BUZZZAP!
PEE-YEW! WHAT'S THAT AWFUL SMELL?
PINESOL, MIXED WITH HUMAN EXCREMENT, WOULD BE MY GUESS...
EWWW! YOU MEAN THAT STENCH IS COMING FROM YOU?
AND LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE A MESS! WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S A LONG STORY. YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW..
WELL, GET THOSE PANTS OFF QUICK, AND I'LL THROW THEM IN THE WASH...
OH, OKAY...
THANKS...
-GAG!- OMIGOD...
SORRY ABOUT THE STENCH...
I TOOK A DETOUR ON MY WAY HOME TONIGHT, AND, WELL...

—HEY, THESE ARE YOUR DATING PANTS, AREN'T THEY?
DID YOU HAVE ANOTHER DATE WITH WHAT'S-HER-NAME?
YEAH, ONLY IT DIDN'T WORK OUT SO GOOD...
MEANING YOU DIDN'T "GET ANY," HUH?
WHIRRRR
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HAVE SHIT ALL OVER YOUR PANTS.
I, UH...
HEH-HEH!
—LOOK, YOU'RE WEARING "Y-FRONTS"! I ALWAYS HAD YOU PEGGED AS A BOXERS MAN...
OH, I GO BACK 'N' FORTH THESE DAYS...
AWW, I C'N TELL, JUST BY LOOKIN' AT YER BASKET THAT YOU DIDN'T GET LUCKY TONIGHT... YOUR GONADS LOOK ALL SWOLLEN AND HEAVY...
THEY DO? BUT, I'M NOT EVEN HARD...
OH, I CAN FIX THAT IN A JIFFY... STAND STILL WHILE I PULL THESE DOWN...
?!? BUT, I—
PULL!
SLOBBER SLORP...
OOOOOH...
KA-SQUIRT!
—MY GOODNESS! THAT WAS QUICK!
OOPS! SORRY 'BOUT THE MESS...
THAT'S OKAY...PASS ME THOSE TISSUES, OKAY?
SO, I GUESS ONCE MY PANTS ARE DRY I SHOULD BE ON MY WAY, HUH?
LIKE HELL YOU ARE!
YOU'RE NOT GETTIN' OFF THAT EASY! YOU OWE ME NOW, BUSTER!
?
YANK!
NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU HERE I'M PUTTIN' YOU TO GOOD USE!
UH-OH...
DRAGGG

AND SO, AFTER A LONG NIGHT OF RIOTOUS, RAUCAUS-Y UN-SAFE DEBAUCHERY .



DAYS LATER...
S-S-SO, UH, I GUESS YOU PROBABLY HEARD ALL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WITH ME ME 'N' NICOLE THE OTHER NIGHT, HUH?
NO. WHAT HAPPENED?
?!? Y-YOU MEAN, NICOLE DIDN'T TELL YOU?
TELL ME WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
OH, N-NOTHING MAJOR, REALLY...
IT'S JUST THAT I DOUBT WE'LL BE SEEING EACH OTHER ANYMORE...
NOT MUCH IN COMMON, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...
OH NO?
GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD, BUT OH, WELL...
HUH! I GUESS NICOLE'S TOO MORTIFIED TO TELL BABS ABOUT IT...
OH WELL. THAT'S GOOD FOR ME, AT LEAST!
LOOK, BUDDY, I'D LOVE TO CHAT SOMEMORE, BUT I GOT A LOT TO DO TODAY, SO I'M AFRAID I'M GONNA HAVE TO GIVE YOU THE BUM'S RUSH...
REALLY? BUT TODAY'S YOUR DAY OFF, PLUS THE KIDS ARE IN SCHOOL. SO WHAT'S THE HURRY?
OH, IT'S JUST THAT I—
HEY, BABS! HAVE YOU SEEN MY SHOES!?
?!?
WHO THE HELL IS THAT?
OH! THAT'S JUST THE T.V.—
LIKE HELL IT IS! THAT'S GOTTA BE YOUR NEW STUD, AND I'M NOT MOVING UNTIL I FIND OUT WHO IT IS!
BABS! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? I SAID—
—OH, HIYA, BUDDY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE!
JOEL!?
ERR... JOEL AND I ARE ATTEMPTING A RECONCILI-ATION...
THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S GONNA BE JUST LIKE OLD TIMES AGAIN, HUH, BUDDY!?
(GIMME A BREAK, WILL YA? THE PICKIN'S ARE PRETTY SLIM THESE DAYS)..
(YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME, SIS...I KNOW IT ALL TOO WELL)...
THE END.



WRITE TO PETER BAGGE!

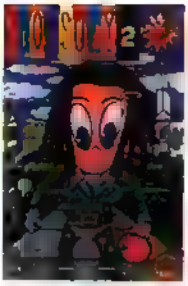
C/O FANTAGRAPHICS, 7563 LAKE CITY WAY NORTHEAST, SEATTLE, WA 98115, OR: EMAILBAG@SCN.ORG, OR: BAGGEHATE@AOL.COM. ALSO, TAKE A GANDER AT FANTAGRAPHICS WEB SITE AT: WWW.FANTAGRAPHICS.COM. (IS THAT ENOUGH ADDRESSES FOR YOU?)

Welcome to HATE Comics™ Where Friends meet Friends!™

The old "Plug Pile" is stacked up pretty high at the moment, so I'm gonna skip my usual palaver and get straight to the goodies! First on our agenda is the first issue of Something Weird's **Blue Book**. This 140-page magazine is more than just a "catalog," it's a virtual encyclopedia on the subject of '60s and '70s porn flicks—a genre that publisher Mike Vraney has a passion for and extensive knowledge of, and is also the foundation upon which his Something Weird video mail-order empire is built. This issue also features a special 3-page comic illustrated by HATE contribs Jim Blanchard and Pat Moriarity, and is well worth the $10 cover price! (PO BOX 33664, Seattle, WA, 98133, or: www.somethingweird.com)... On a somewhat similar note is Katrina del Mar's "very swank" **Plushtoy Catalog** (Box 1241 Cooper Station, NYC, NY, 10276, or: http//www.bway.net/-katrina). Talented shutterbug Ms. del Mar has been sending me samples of her luscious color photos featuring her many lovely and depraved female acquaintances for a while now—isn't that nice of her?—and this catalog is the best way I can think of for those of you not on her mailing list to discover what Katrina has to offer: prints, calendars, posters and refrigerator magnets (of course!), as well as various booklets and 'zines, both by herself and in collaboration with other all-star underground lunatics. This is filth of the highest quality, folks, so don't delay—order today!

After a good long run in the indy comics racket, Edd Vick of Aeon Comics is throwing in the towel—but not before giving the world one last worthy offering, namely Justin Hampton's **RAT**. This 3-issue mini-series about a slob who fantasizes about being a bad-ass chopper-ridin' rat is executed in the well crafted style for which Mr. Hampton is known, and the first ish features a bonus "gallery" w/ contributions by "famous" cartoonists, including the totally awesome Peter Bagge! So crack out that checkbook, Dude! ($3.50 to 5014D Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, WA, 98105)... From the world of self-published comics comes a blast from the past—or MY past, anyway, since Ken Struck was the creator of the "Toodles" strip that I foisted onto the public via the letters pages of WEIRDO ages ago. Now Mr. Struck has struck again, in the form of **Flickersfleas**, which features an issue-length story about a flea circus in the 1950s. Well done and well worth the $3.00 cover price—plus I'd imagine Ken could use all the cash he can get his hands on in order to get out of Patterson, NJ! (Crystal LN, Patterson, NJ, 07501, to be exact. And what's this?! No web site?!?) ... This issue's exciting new discovery award goes to Scotland's (now Brighton's, "where it's warmer") own Lorna Miller, author of the audacious and richly illustrated **Witch**. Each of the four issues of this self-pubbed, digest-sized mini features tales of drunken debauchery, getting even and assorted "witchy things," as well as several beefcake pinups! (you know, the kind men like!) send about $3.00 US or £2 to: Box 148, Hove, BN3-3DQ, UK... And the winner of this issue's "What the Fuck?!?" award goes to **She's White** ($2.50 pp, 3423 Pena CT., Simi Valley, CA, 93063), a slapped-together bit o' bizarreness by Steven Warren, whose blobbular, organic looking drawings remind me a lot of Dave "Pressed Tongue" Cooper. Steven tells me the two stories contained within are "the only two things that have happened to me" in the last year, to which all I can add is that Mr Warren leads a very murky, surreal existence!

In the incestuous, self-serving manner that is this publication's trademark, I would now like to call your attention to 2 impressive new titles by regular HATE contributors. First up is **Chop Suey #2**, "20 exciting pages" of humor and pathos that shows cartoonist Kevin Scalzo at his cartoonin' best! Digest-sized with a beautiful color Xeroxed cover, this fine comic could be yours for only $2.00 from: 8718 2nd Ave. NW, Seattle, WA, 98117... And last but not least, I'm pleased to announce that the long awaited 3rd issue of Queen Itchie's **Everything I Touch Turns to Shit and Garbage** has finally hit the stands! (Or hit something.) This ish has been in the works for a million years or so, and it looks it: 64 pages of solid entertainment, in which Ms. Itch shares all of her passions and obsessions in her own vivacious, cynical, tart-tongued style. Well-written, well-drawn, well-designed, and the impressive list of contributors includes HATE regulars Aaron Lee, Lynne Von S, and Selwyn Harris, as well as Joe Matt's all-time favorite cartoonist, The Great Pete Bagge! And the $3.00 cover price makes this the best "zine" buy of the century! A must-have item! ($3.50 pp, 151 1st. Ave., #110, NYC, NY, 10003)



Oh, and I almost forgot to tell you that the gag panels featured on these pages were reprinted from **Uncle Charlie's Cartoon Revue**, one of several little funny books I received from talented New Zealand newcomer Karl Wills. Write to him at: Box 105 278, Auckland, NZ, send him a wad o' cash, and ask for "the good stuff!" Also look for more by him in the next issue of HATE!

Corrections: David (He's a boy!) Yamada of "Cinders & Ashes" fame's new current address is: Box 5051, Hopkins, MN, 55343. Please note this if you ordered a copy of C&A and failed to receive one. The same goes for Craig Thran (Not "Thrah," as I had spelled it in last ish), whose mother's 45 I plugged in the last issue of HATE. His current address is: 214 4th St. SE, #5F, MPLS, MN, 55414. Craig extends his apologies for any inconvenience this may have caused, and encourages those who are still interested to try again. That is all.

"You gotta be gentle with them."

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Filmwork: DIGITAL NORTHWEST • Publishers: GARY GROTH and KIM THOMPSON

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"My goodness! Did you hear that gunshot dear? Dear?"

Pete,

I don't believe in this Generation X 'cause it stands for giving up and choosing a life of complacency. What we need is a revolution against Corporate America which is destroying our eco-system. I request that you read some Noam Chomsky. We need to get organized and choose our fate. Other human values besides the pursuit of wealth need to be brought forth and recognized.

Gerret Wullschleger,
Canoga Park, CA

Mister Bagge,

I write to you in part to do my damnedest to make peace with this region we live in, try not to be so negative and affirm the good. Yeah, whatever...

A hip girlfriend I grew up with in Nashville, Tennessee taught me how to dress, act cool, get boys to like me, play guitar, smoke pot and read "Love & Rockets"... Later I worked off and on at a used record/comic store where I think I first saw *HATE*, or at least MORE "progressive" real-life type comics... Years later I come out here to the NW drug-free and ready to finish school, yet disgusted by the whole grunge thing and embarrassed to tell people I even moved here—gag! I'm just here to finish school, right? I have no alliance to this self-conscious town...

ANYWAY, I never read *HATE* too much because it seemed TOO everything-Seattle..., Mostly I'm too self-conscious, lazy, forgetful and CHEAP to keep up with or invest in anything, plus I was too caught up in my own dramas and self-obsessed life to take a look at what someone else may be doing... Recently, however, I was fortunate enough to snag a whole stack of *HATEs* and 8-BALLs from some Oly hipster who was moving out and ditched them in the free room. So I was finally able to read *HATE* in order, uninterrupted. And being the good little compulsive that I am I went out and bought the latest issue, #28, only to find that the magic is no longer there, and the characters are all dying off. (Lisa is fucking rad, you moron hardheads! She's my type, too—that is, if I could just loosen up and make it with a girl.) FUCK this screwing around on the internet, unless Buddy's gonna download some XXX sex with monkeys and children. Lets see MORE SMUT, MORE LUST, more graphic pain and humiliation! That's what I hate about so-called "underground culture"—it just wets my whistle for something that's MORE HARDCORE, and leaves me frustrated...

So, I just wanted to say hi, and DUH, yes, I can relate and it's my life too. You even inspired me to want to be a cartoonist, until I tried it and found out that it's a lot harder than it looks. I have now passed some of my *HATEs* on to a "straight" friend, and the rest on to my mother and little brother. Are you really "selling out"? Bravo for you, my dear, get all the fucking money you can...

Nikki Light,
Olympia, WA

HATE is the best comic I have ever come across. I have to admit, though, that I'm pissed that you killed off Stinky. He was so cute!

Anyway, I was wondering what's up with Buddy lately. In #28 he actually turned down a chance to pork some cute girl. The old Buddy would've just gone for it! I guess he's just getting old, huh? I hope he doesn't turn into some computer freak. You've got me worried now.

Well, keep up the good work. You kick ass!

Maggie Balas, age 15
Boulder, CO

PS: What's all this crap in the back of *HATE* now? It takes up half the comic!
PPS: I'm glad Lisa's out of the picture. She's one crazy bitch!

I used to be a really miserable bartender in NYC. Now I'm an occasionally happy yoga teacher in LA. Before someone else in your comic offs themselves I just want to suggest that Buddy, et al. (and especially Lisa) might want to try some sort of quasi-spiritual practice; yoga in particular would really help Buddy's "paunch," as well as his pizza-eating, beer-drinking, chat-room-visiting, sexually-frustrated existential terror.

My boyfriend drew this pic of The New Buddy deep in contemplation—What do you think?

Julie Kleinman,
Venice, CA

I can see where *HATE* is going, and I don't like it! I don't read comics for depressing realism or to be reminded of my own sorry life. I read 'em for fantasy, escapism and voyeurism. So give Buddy a sex life, and quick. I want to see lots of full-frontal female nudity, too. Make her, um, medium height, red-headed with a bob-hairstyle. Nice, cute, pert round tits... Long arms (?!? —PB), little lips, dimples, and really sexy knees... And her name should be "Corrine"...

A tattoo is okay, too, but no fucking nose rings! I hate those things! Thanks,

Anonymous,
MPLS, MN

HATE #28 really sucked. It was too short and wasn't funny. Nothing happened. The chick that works at Starbucks looks too much like Lisa and Val. AOL is not cool. Buddy acted like a pussy throughout the entire story. "Chop Suey" sucks. "Doofus" is funny but there was no Doofus story in #28. "Kickin' Ass" is usually funny, but not this time. However, the Natalie Merchant article was funny, and so was the Butch Bradley strip. "Shamrock Squid" had its moments.

Please put the hate back in *HATE*. For example, I hate kids who have pierced eyebrows and wear really big pants. Consequently, Buddy should hate them too. Please illustrate this in the future.

Thank you,
Mathew Grillo,
Leverett, MA

Like myself, I know there are tons of former *HATE* readers who can't stand to read your current stuff. I certainly don't buy it any more, and when I saw a recent issue on accident I felt embarrassed for you. I'm not trying to make you feel bad, but it's the damn truth. It's too bad all of your newer (and oh so specialty marketed) readers don't know what *HATE* used to be actually funny!

Laura Fuller,
Santa Cruz, CA

That last issue was funny, esp. when Buddy gets creeped out by that guy who sends him a message from that chat-room. That happened to me once, too, though I guess I deserved it since I entered a gay chat room under the name LARGE MYKUL.

I saw that your work is published in Spanish, where Stinky's name is "Apestoso"! How come you're holding out on this info? Please let all of Geekdom in on your going-ons. I want to know everything about you. I am a deranged lunatic.

Your pal,
Mike Fernandez,
Madison, WI

Stinky Stinky
where are you?
a psyche born of sniffing glue
the ending sad but very true
inky dinky parlez vous

Stinky Stinky
there you go
a wild persona, an empty soul
what you could have been
we'll never know
because your brains you had to blow

Stinky Stinky
come back soon
to a more welcoming womb
with more to life than a good hot screw
and free of venereal diseases too

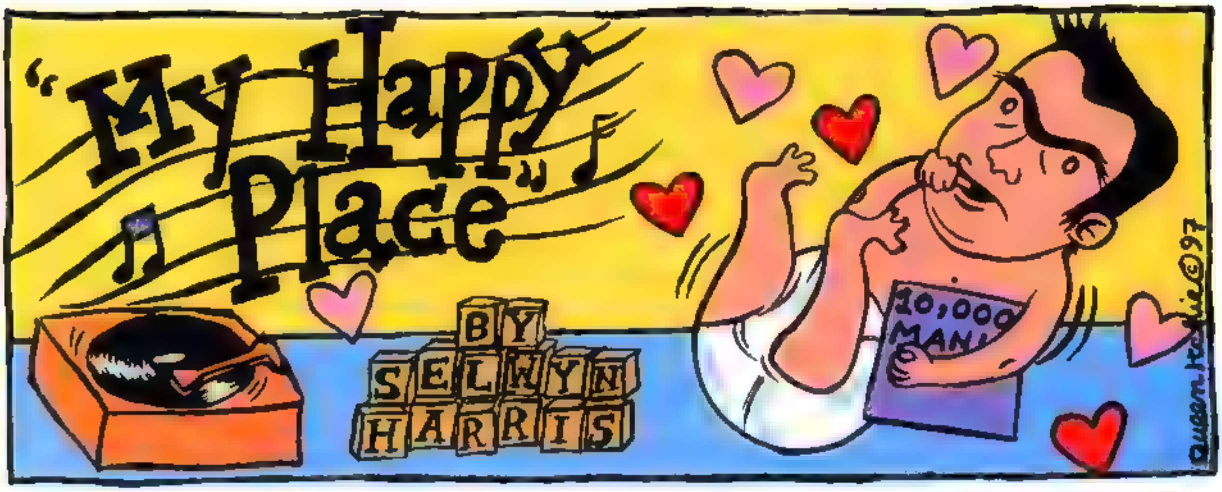
Stinky Stinky
Stinky Stinky
Stinky Stinky
Stinky
Goodbye

(Poem by Ivy, sent by Tess of Eastwind Commune of N. Missouri: Home of the "Stinky Shrine," which currently resides in their old outhouse.)

HATE is a special sponge of groovy love like a comet sprinkling fairydust on pixieland. I like it because it shines like a slug at the all-night fantasy boatworld noodle ramp.

Craig Wilson,
Somewhere in New Zealand

"Thank you."



The Continuing Adventures of Natalie Merchant and One Maniac: My Happy Place By Selwyn Harris

"It is the worst of towns, it is the worst of towns.

"It is the worst of everything, period: the bottom-most scum-rung of human nature compounded, concentrated and crapped out across the worst possible living conditions in the worst possible weather conditions amid filth conditions far worse than anything Mother Theresa or Upton Sinclair or even Godzilla, when he was fighting the Smog Monster, ever had to contend with. The germs have germs here. The germs have arms and legs and, worst of all, mouths here. And master's degrees. And your money. And all the power. The germs in this burg, in fact, represent the sum total of what this burg is all about: bad intentions reaping bad consequences far beyond the bad aspirations of their bad, bad, baaad perpetrators. You can spell Hell with four letters or, like I do, with three words—New York City."

Natalie Merchant offers me solace. She does this in My Happy Place.

"What was it you said?" Natalie Merchant says. "New York, New York—the city so nice it rhymes with lice and vice and regurgitated rice and, sort of, anti-Christ."

Natalie Merchant chuckles. It makes the milk-flow jiggle. She presses her palm to the back of my head, and continues rocking, rocking, rocking…ever-so-gently leading me toward peace. But I'm not there yet.

"What kills me," I whine, Natalie Merchant's leaky teat popping momentarily free of my kisser, "is how goddamnably impressed New York residents are with the fact that they reside in New York. You're not special because you pay inhuman rent-fees to risk your life among subhumanoid cretins and the reality-loathing liberals who empower them-you're insane. Or an idiot. So, go on, enjoy the violence and garbage and crack-stench and super-rats and subarctic temperatures broken up by eyeball melting summers and NOT ONE SPLIT-SECOND OR SQUARE INCH of relief ever. And I mean, ever. Live it up, New Yorkers. You fork over top-dollar for this privilege."

Natalie Merchant nods and hums. She understands. Her hit song "Carnival" was inspired by her short, unhappy time as a Manhattanite. Ms. Merchant, a few years back, walked among the unstomachable just long enough to know this was no place for the dregs of creation, let alone one of the wonders (and her dog, Gracie). I don't know where I'd be without My Happy Place. I curl up close against Natalie Merchant. So close.

PJ Harvey strides out of the bedroom to join us. She wears nothing but a guitar, copious jet-black body hair and an enchanting look achievable only by the completely deranged. What a beauty.

"Little Selwyn's had a rough go," Natalie Merchant explains. "The world outside his Happy Place can be so harsh. But we are all safe here. He showed me where his hurting is, and I'm showing him how to heal."

PJ Harvey strums her instrument. "Me mum n' da raised me right nice on farmlin' and tis a farm I dwell upon till this dee."

I don't know whose accent is weirder, hers or Natalie's (okay, Natalie's is entirely inexplicable, but I love it). I do know, for sure, that my ancestors were imbeciles.

"Almost every American has roots in New York," I seethe onward. "Countless immigrants have sallied through this piss-port, but you know what else? THE SMART ONES KEEP RIGHT ON GOING!!!

"Imagine the first Harris with brains enough to leave Ireland. After centuries on a gray, slimy, freezing rock surrounded by the palest people to ever be so stupid, some one guy I descended from finally decided he'd had enough. No more year-in, year-out rain 'patches,' he rationed, no more fookin' bagpipes and fookin' stupid drunken bullshit passed off as 'folklore' and no more fookin' shamrocks-for-brains who starve because the one crop they ever cultivated goes bad and they don't figure, Gee, we live on an island, what say we do a wee bit o' fookin' fishin'? Cavemen could fish. Bears and raccoons know how to fish. But the Irish? Fookin' forget it."

PJ Harvey's laughing. Natalie's patting me just right. She's half-Irish (on her mother's side; her pap, Anthony, was a wop). I am so interesting and funny to everyone in My Happy Place. And I'm always right.

I take three long nip-drags, swallow deep, and continue: "So this one shelaghle-skull bolts free of Ireland and sets up shop in the only place worse. New York City. Homicide Central. Naturally, then, Mr. McBrilliant becomes a cop. And he stays here. And his kids stay here, and their kids stay and they construct this lie about how New York is the place to be—center of the universe, top of the world, ma, if you can make it here, blah-blah-blecch—and about how anybody who's not in New York, ho boy, are they missing out. All that clean air and safety and lack of 'compassionate' millionaires forcing Ivy League socialism on people they'll never meet: How does a body get by without them?"

There is an interruption. An abrupt one.

"Leave your inhibitions at the door, everybody," trumpets a berserk female voice from the hallway, "the show is about to begin!"

All of a sudden, there are drums and fireworks and all manner of everything glam and glitter and grotesquely garish explodes out of every crevice in My Happy Place. Miss Nomi Malone (who you either recognize as the heroine of *Showgirls*, or you suck) has arrived.

Nomi Malone, née Polly Anne Costello (Natalie Merchant's middle name is Anne too!) once claimed on a job application to have been born in New York, New York. She was, of course, lying (Natalie Anne Merchant was born in Jamestown, New York on October 26, 1963). Nomi is the opposite of Gotham-spawned death-spores. Nomi erupts—fearless and wild and honest and fun. New Yorkers coagulate, forever, in terror and oppression and horseshit and malice. Nomi is the showgirl from *Showgirls*. New Yorkers are the reason you have to endure Parker Posey (puke!) and/or Steve Buscemi (douche!) anytime you want to see anything Joel Silver didn't have a hand in.

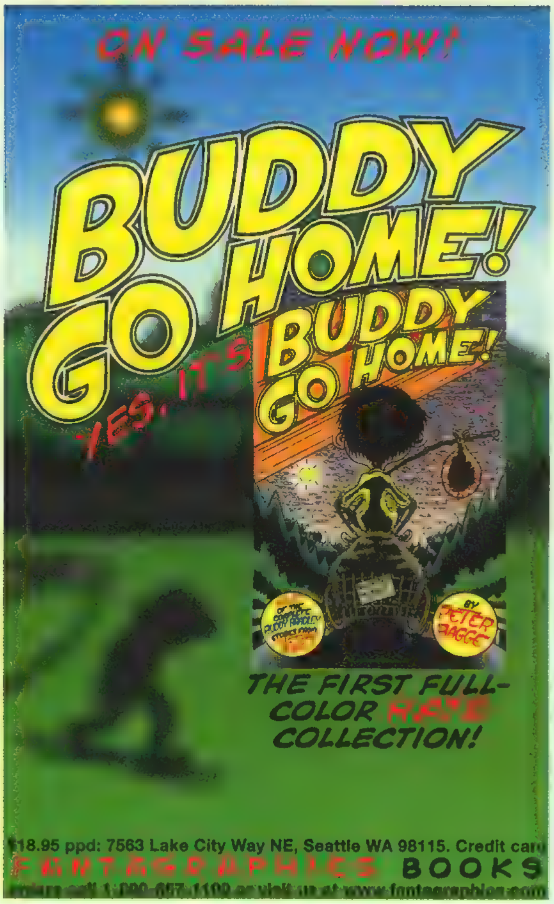
"Who needs a lap dance?" Nomi squeals. She slips quickly out of her rhinestone toga.

PJ Harvey perks up and volunteers. "Do it on me face," she beams.

Nomi does it on her face.

And Natalie Merchant sways tenderly to and fro. Feeding. Nurturing. Healing. And at last, my mouth full and my heart fuller, I am quiet.

Outside my window, it is New York City. Right here, right now, in My Happy Place—which, to you, might resemble a dark corner in Brooklyn with a big, scary, scrunched-up, thumb-sucking Mick bastard freak stuffed in it making horrible noises and flopping like a hooked carp—the whole wide world never looked so wonderfully serene.



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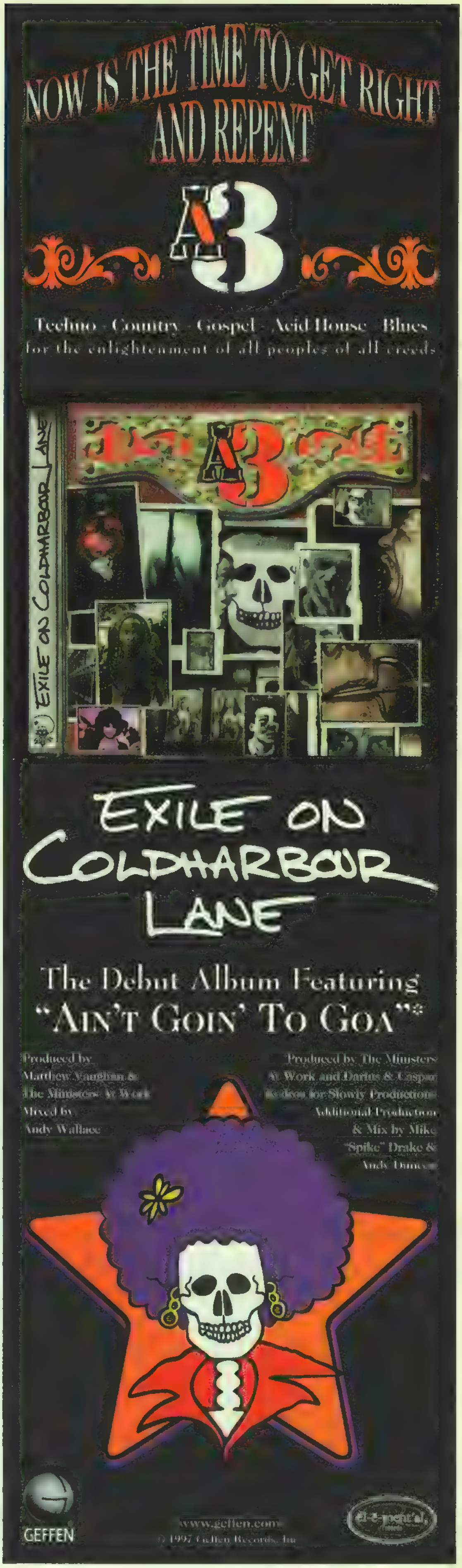

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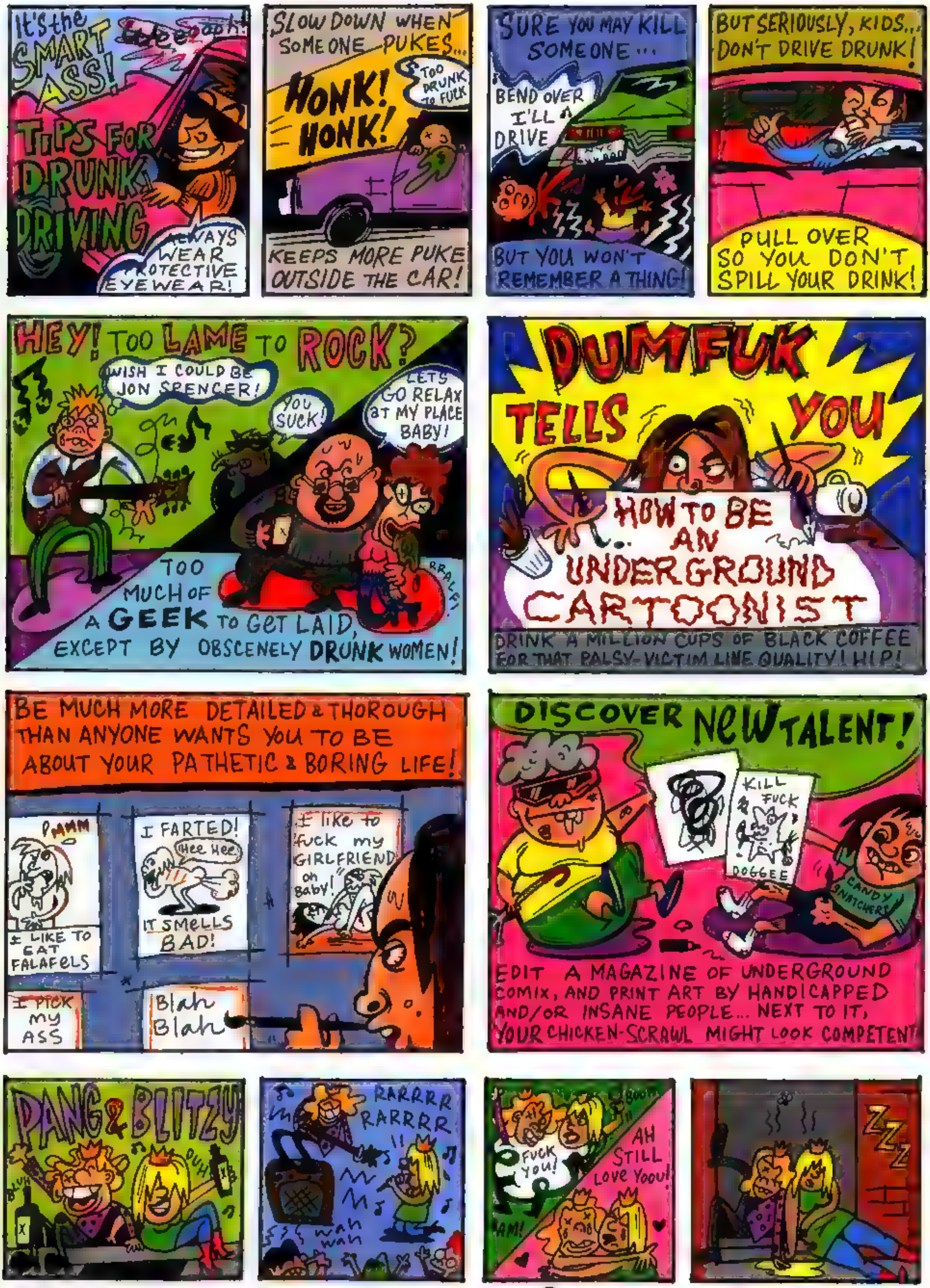

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America's Sweet-heart!
GIGGLEPUSS
And her PAL: Sugar Britches
BY — Ariel Bordeaux 1997
OKAY, YOU DIRTY LITTLE FLOWER-CHILDREN ARE FREE TO GO!
HOORAY! THANK YOU, MR. PIG!
CANDYASS! — I KNEW YOU'D SAVE US!
NO SWEAT, MY LITTLE PLUMPLING... I JUST HOPE THOSE PIGS DIDN'T LAY A HAND ON THAT SWEET BEE-HIND OF YOURS...
NAW... WE'RE OKAY...
LEAP
SO... UM... WHAT DO I OWE YOU FOR BAIL, MR. CANDY-ASS?
TELL YOU WHAT — IF YOU CAN HELP ME UN-LOAD SOME OF MY "KICK-ASS STICKY PURPLE," WE'LL CALL IT EVEN!
UH, I DUNNO... ISN'T THAT HOW WE GOT THROWN INTO THE CAN IN THE FIRST PLACE?
AWW, GIGGLEPUSS, THAT WAS JUST AN EXTRAORDIN-ARILY RARE OCCURRENCE...
CONSEQUENTLY:
HEY, WOW! THANKS TO YOUR DESIGN IDEAS PEOPLE ARE LOOKING AT MY POTTERY! THIS ROCKS, CANDYASS!
AND THANKS TO YOUR POTTERY, I HAVE MANY NEW CLIENTS FOR MY MEDICINAL HERB BUSINESS!
SPICE JUGS
D-U-U-D-E CHECK OUT THIS RIGHTEOUS POT LEAF!
FAB-YOU-LUSS! GIMME!
PLEASE TAKE MY CARD.. I WILL BE HAPPY TO CONSULT WITH YOU ON ALL YOUR HERBAL NEEDS... DISCRETION IS, OF COURSE, ADVISED.
RIGHT ON! DUDE, I'LL CALL YOU TONIGHT, MAN... I GOT CHRONIC BACK PAIN...
CANDYASS
MEDICINAL HERBS FOR ALL AILMENTS CALL ANYTIME (861)333-6607
GIGGLEPUSS, THIS PARTNERSHIP IS SO SUCCESSFUL, I'M TEMPTED TO GO INTO BUSINESS WITH YOU FULL-TIME!
WOW! REALLY? THAT'S GREAT NEWS! A FULL-TIME POTTERY BUS-INESS IS MY LIFE-LONG DREAM!
SPICE JUGS
WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE SHOP... THERE'S NOTHING TO LOSE... WE'LL BE SO RICH, I'LL BUY YOU SOME SHOES!
WE'LL DRINK MUSHROOM TEA ALL DAY LONG... I'LL GET US A KAYAK, AND A BIG GLASS BONG!
YOU GIRLS ARE SHAMELESS CAPITALISTS. MY HERBAL HEALING IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF STRICTLY IN BUSINESS TERMS... I AM A MEDICINE MAN, AND I DO THIS TO HELP PEOPLE CURE THEIR PAIN! BESIDES... WE MUST BE DISCREET, TO KEEP THE FUZZ OFF OUR BACKS!
The end

Kickin' Ass

with Aaron Lee

Regrets, I've had a few. Then again, I've had a shitload.

...I regret going back to my hometown for Christmas, getting drunk at a teenybopper dance hall, writing offensive stuff on the walls in Magic Marker, urinating on the floor of a girl's apartment and throwing up on my best friend Noel's leg.

...I regret stealing money from the register of every workplace I ever had. It wasn't a nice thing to do. Thank God I'm at an office job now, where the only things to steal are pencils, rubber bands and the occasional microcassette recorder.

...I regret spending the money I stole on fast food. Today I'd open a savings account, instead of walking around carrying double cheeseburgers everywhere (not to mention a double chin and double-D breasts).

...I regret spending so much time jerking off. Let's say it's been five minutes each day for the past 15 years. Fifteen times 365 divided by 60... why, that's 456 days of solid masturbation! Over a year of my life that slipped through my fingers.

...I regret maxing out that Visa card that came in the mail. Whoops.

...I regret prank-calling Noel in eighth grade. For months, I'd dial his number and chomp potato chips in his ear before hanging up. Noel's parents threatened to call the police for a tracer (this was before the days of Star 69). When Noel confronted me, I swore I didn't do it, so he made me promise I'd go to Hell if I was lying. I agreed. Now I have to go to Hell for phony phone calls. It wasn't worth it.

...I regret maxing out the next two Visa cards that came in the mail. Double and triple whoops.

...I regret going to New York City, getting drunk and cheating on my girlfriend with a woman who told me, "I'd blow you but I just threw up." Know what I regret even more? A few months after the girlfriend became my ex-girlfriend, I got drunk, went to her apartment at 3 a.m., tearfully confessed the sordid affair and wound up in bed with her one more time before we never spoke to each other again. Christ, was that selfish!

Boy, I'm glad I got that off my chest. Let's celebrate by drinking 10 or 12 beers—after we kick some ass!

* * *

The pickpocket collective known as the health industry is overdue for a ride on my flip-flops. Paging Dr. Kildare: Me and Hate's three million readers have had it with your medical monkey shines!

I went for a check-up recently and nearly died of boredom in the waiting room. There wasn't a magazine in sight. Not even *Highlights for Children*! (I've always wondered—is there a *Highlights for Adults*, and is it pornographic?)

Inside, I waited 45 minutes for the next available physician, who proclaimed me "fine" (I know I am, but how'm I doing?) and told me to come back in six months. That's it! No shots or rubber gloves, let alone a goddamn lollipop. Just a bill for $75.

For $75, I want to be prodded and carved like a Thanksgiving turkey!

Now I hear a bunch of bedpan jockeys have stepped forward and offered to inject themselves with HIV, in order to test the new AIDS vaccines. How brave! How selfless! How I'd like to punt those arrogant bastards in the back pocket!

This is no different than Cooter down at the garage taking apart an engine block just so he can rebuild it. It's not as if there are 50,000 or so folks who have already gone through the trouble of infecting themselves with AIDS, and would be more than happy to volunteer!

But nooooo. Because Melvin Med School was unpopular in junior high, he punishes the world by playing James Bond ("I'll defuse the ticking AIDS bomb in my bloodstream just as the counter reaches zero!")

* * *

What more profound pleasure than downing 10 or 12 beers and enjoying the USA Network's *Up All Night* program, where insufferable hosts present T & A comedies with all the T & A cut out? I thought the days of movies named *Spring Break* and *Summer Break* and *Lunch Break* died with the Reagan administration.

I was wrong. I have seen *Orgazmo*, a new film by Trey Stone, creator of Comedy Central's rubber crutch-unfunny cartoon, *South Park*.. I have seen the first martial arts / science fiction / porn / Mormon comedy. I have seen Ron Jeremy's skull implode after a flying kick to the head. And like *Up All Night*, I didn't see any nudity (a funny running gag has hairy, male buttocks obscure every sex scene). But I did laugh. A lot. Look for *Orgazmo* at theaters that kick ass (as well as fat, hirsute porn star heads).

* * *

Before signing off to that big Foot Locker in the sky, Ye Old Ass-Kicker would like to address the rumors buzzing around the Internet (not to mention the three million letters I receive each month): Yes, I have sold the rights to Kickin' Ass, which will debut next month as a half hour of commentary on Paducah, Kentucky's public access television.

NEXT ISSUE: I Regret Writing This Column

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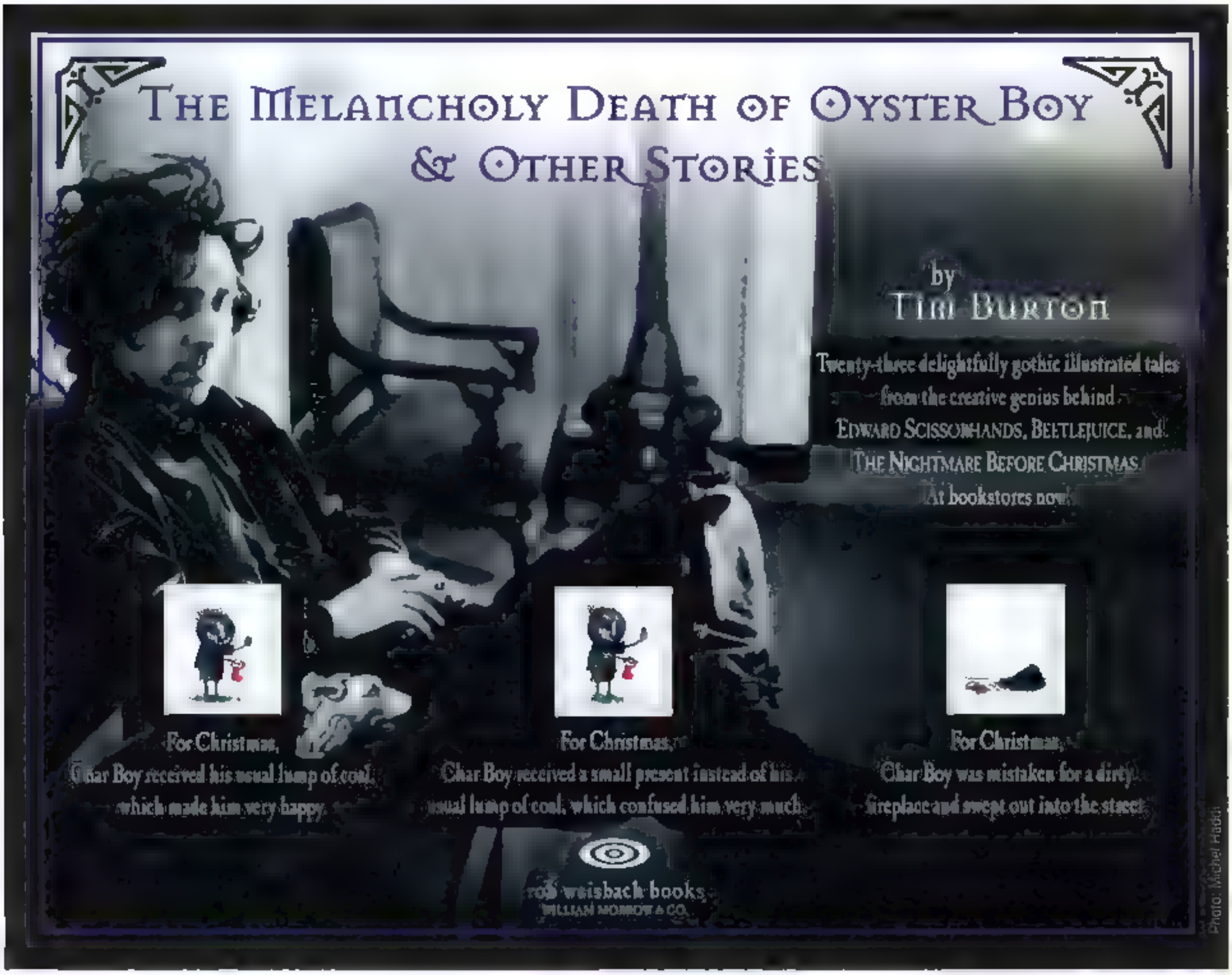
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THIS ANTHOLOGY IS.. ACTUALLY.. FORCING ME TO RE-EXAMINE MY VERY EXISTENCE! MY MY PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.. AND..
..THE OMNIVERSE!!
I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, IT'S A TERRIFYING REALIZATION.
WHO AM I? WHERE, WHY DO I EXIST!? DO I EXIST?! AND IF I DO.. IS EVERYTHING I WITNESS AND EXPERIENCE, A MERE EXTENSION OF MY OWN CONSCIOUSNESS?*
* SOLIPISM
THAT IS.. IS THIS ALL AN ILLUSION? A MANUFACTURED MANIFESTATION OF MY OWN SUPER-EGO DRIVEN IMAGINATION!?

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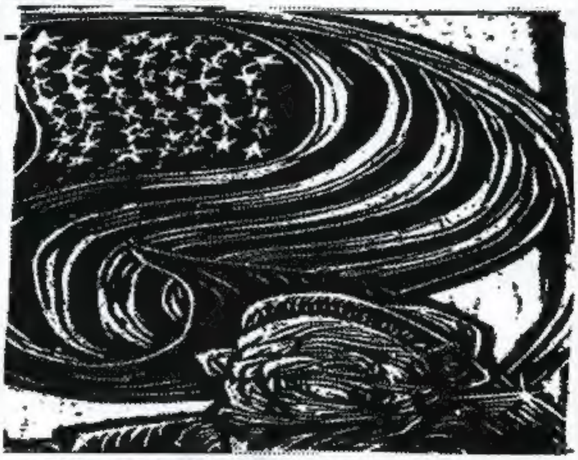

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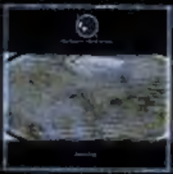
bentley rhythm ace
BENTLEY RHYTHM ACE



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<<❶ **THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS:** "...IT BURNS THE WHOLE 'ROCK VS. TECHNO' ARGUMENT INTO A FINE WHITE ASH"-ROLLING STONE>> <<❷ **FATBOY SLIM:** "GUARANTEED 100% PHAT BEATS..."-MUZIK>> <<❸ **FLUKE:** "...PERCOLATING BREAKBEATS...SNARLING VOCALS..."-BILLBOARD>> <<❹ **BENTLEY RHYTHM ACE:** "THIS SAMPLE-HAPPY DANCEFLOOR ITCHING POWDER IS OF SUFFICIENT CALIBRE TO TAKE IT'S PLACE ALONGSIDE THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS AND LEFTFIELD"-SELECT>> <<❺ **PHOTEK:** "PHOTEK CREATES A SOUND THAT UNFOLDS LIKE A FUTURISTIC HIJACKING OF JAZZ AND TECHNO"-URB>>

ARRIVING SPRING 1998...
: Q-BURN'S ABSTRACT MESSAGE "FENG SHUI"
: GEARWHORE ALBUM
: ADAM F "COLOURS"

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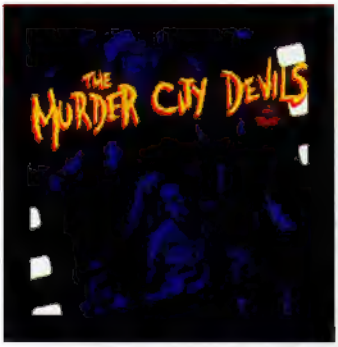
JOIN US!!

Children of the Revolution! Hear this plea! Repudiate the bourgeois reactionary line. Do not accept substitutes or cheap imitations. Seek truth and order up some of this stuff — it's the real thing!!!!!!

godheadSilo "Share the Fantasy"
Find your titanium battle armor because this "music" will unmercilessly slay beasts as varied as marauding Orcs, Red Dragons and Hi-Fidelity Stereo Speakers. All that and a +4 Dexterity.

Elevator to Hell "Eeerleconsiliation"
A return to the glory days of stoner rock 1997 stylee. One half of the Canadian fairytale heroes, Eric's Trip, plus a secret ingredient known only as "Formula T" combine to give you a rather pleasant headache.



Murder City Devils
Straight out of Sub Pop's new pocket protector, Die Young Stay Pretty records, and up your nose with the punk rock music and all its ill-mannered, unkempt but strangely attractive cronies. P.S. You like.

Grifters "Full Blown Possession"
Memphis underdogs of the underground sing songs of space (inner and outer) filtered through the kidnapped brains of a college professor, that Cajun TV chef and identical twin basset hounds.

Knit Caps
There's been a lot of controversy lately about a few sorry folks blatantly misusing these for something less than admirable purposes, so just to set the record straight: these are intended to be worn on the head.

Pigeonhed "Flash Bulb Emergency Remixes"
All your favorite international superpower DJs put their peanut butter in our chocolate and came up with this dee-lightful concoction. Kind of like how they did that new Star Wars only this is 100% Jabba-free.

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